

# THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

15th Year, No. 7.

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 12, 1898.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,  
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



"Must Jesus bear the Cross alone,



No, there's a cross for everyone,

## Bliss and Blister.

Cowardice is the greatest giver of alms.

A waste of time makes a want of eternity.

Heaven seems high to him who is descending.

Don't ring the bell of prayer and run away—wait.

A ton of pain is lighter than an ounce of shame.

Make your character like your Master's coat—seamless.

Prejudice is a more dangerous enemy to Truth than Falsehood.

To correct one's style means to correct one's thought—nothing else.

Truth never yet proved fatal to any one; there are too many antidotes.

Christianity is not a kind of lofty sentimentalism; it is practical work.

The virtue of paganism was strength; the virtue of Christianity is obedience.

To owe gratitude oppresses a coarse nature; to receive it oppresses a fine one.

There is not enough religion in the world to admit of the annihilation of religions.

Not when it is dangerous to tell the truth will she lack a prophet, but only when it is tiresome.

For many natures it is as much a duty of cleanliness to change opinions as to change clothes.

Tribulation and sorrow are the only bleaching agents that will whiten the robes of God's people.

We would probably find our crosses just as hard to bear were we permitted to select them ourselves.

You may birch the Scriptures into a boy, but you won't make him search the Scriptures as a man.

Some people's religion is like measles—you never know they have it until something warms them up.

When a sermon is driven home, it drives the hearer away from home to preach the Gospel to others.

The man who makes broad his phylacteries will never get enough out of it to pay for the stuff he puts in them.

"Christianity applied" is the only thing that will bring salvation and set the hallelujah chorus rolling around the world.

"My conscience is my crown;  
Contented thoughts my rest;  
My heart is happy in itself;  
My bliss is in my breast."

—Robert Southwell.

## MY PRIDE.

By CAPT. THORKILDSON.

Looking over my former career as a man of the world, there certainly was nothing to be proud of. Still, as a proud and haughty soul I kept on for many a dark and dreary day, holding on to what was false, and excusing myself from what was right and true. But all my pride could not keep out condemnation, nor help me from sinking under the burden which condemnation brought, still less could it ever shake off the chains of habit and vice. On the other hand, it hindered me, by bringing in fear of coming into collision with the customs and opinions of others, from taking the step that the voice of God and my own conscience and reason, told me to take. And after taking that step, fear of appearing foolish kept me for a long time, from doing things I should have done, and out of blessings I otherwise may have enjoyed.

Of course, by leaving our all for Christ's sake, we may look foolish to the people who can not or will not look above material things, but fear of appearance, when we know we are right, does not come except our pride leads us.

## SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

Sunday, November 20th, to  
Saturday, November 26th.

What will YOU do to Help?

know that while in and of the world, trying to drink of wells without water, looking to emptiness itself for my fulness, and trusting in things that would sink and perish with myself, that

I was a Fool.

Since I turned to the Lord, and commenced to drink of the water of life freely, I have been told plainly that I was very foolish. But to-day I can say, that as many times as I can count to, rather will I be considered a fool and simpleton, with the power and peace and joy of the everlasting God in my soul, than be, and know to be, an empty, dissatisfied, pleasure-hunting, worldly fool, as before. Walking up town the other morning, a drunken man was staggering along ahead of me talking to himself and cursing as he went on. Overtaking him, he noticed me, and seeing that I was a Salvationist, he started to talk. His words are not fit to be put on paper, but he managed in his own way to tell me all about his misery, and at last he said:

"Sometimes I feel I would like to be a Christian, but I would never, never, never walk the streets with the Salvation Army; no, not for fifty dollars."

And why? Too proud, of course. I might have said that I would not walk the streets with anybody in the condition he was, for ten times fifty dollars, but I did not. To-day I do praise God because I am not like other men, but I do praise Him that the pride that stopped me from being a praying man, and kept me agoing, as a drunken, cursing man, is dead and all gone.

### Self-Development by Self-Sacrifice.

Looking out for one's self is poor business. Forgetting one's self in the pursuit of whatever is worth living for, or worth dying for, is a very good business. He who spoke as never man spoke said that "whosoever shall seek to gain his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it." This truth needs saying over and over again, because it is contrary to the wisdom of the world, while it is in accord with the wisdom which God approves. A well-known woman, who ought to know better, and, indeed, whose life has shown that she does know better, has recently said, "Put it down in capital letters that self-development is a higher duty than self-sacrifice." Yet it is written in letters of blood and of living light all along the centuries, that the true mode of self-development is self-sacrifice. Whoever would attain to true manhood or true womanhood must be ever ready to sacrifice 'self in order to develop others and to honor God.—S. S. Times.

"NOW THAT YOU DON'T WANT ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, AND JEWELLERY, AND FINERY WITH WHICH TO ADORN YOURSELF, YOU CAN AFFORD TO HELP US IN THE EXPENSE INCURRED IN DECKING OUR SAVIOUR'S CROWN WITH STARS FOR EVER."—Commissioner Radlton.

"YES, this sin which has sent me weary-hearted to bed and desperate in heart to morning work, that has made my plans miscarry until I am a coward, that cuts me off from prayer, that robs the sky of blueness and the earth of spring time, and the air of freshness, and human faces of friendliness—this blasting sin which perhaps has made my bed in Hell for me so long—this can be conquered. I do not say annihilated, but better than conquered, captured and transfigured into a friend: so that I at last shall say "My temptation has become my strength;

[SHORT STORY.]

## THE SHIP CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

From an Old F. O.'s Note Book.

WEST HARTLEPOOL, on the East Coast of England, is not without its history, as far as the Salvation Army goes. Vessels of all sorts and sizes, go in and out of its harbor, bringing all sorts of cargoes and people. One Saturday morning in September, 1880, a fine vessel came in from Spain.

The Captain was a widower and on his vessel was a bright girl of twenty summers, who was the Captain's daughter, and the Captain's idol. Wherever her father went, she went, and she had only to make her wants known to have them supplied. But between wants and needs there is often a wide difference. Edith, as we shall call her, had visited and seen all the ports of the world; she was dressed in the latest and most costly fashion, but still her heart was hungering and thirsting for something more. Traveling, and dressing, and dancing, and being flattered by the world could not satisfy the inward cryings of the soul, for it is written, "Whosoever drinketh of THIS water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

The next day after her arrival at West Hartlepool, Edith took a walk up the town to pass away the weary hours of Sunday. Near the Theatre Royal she heard singing, and stopped to listen.

"I need Thee, oh, I need Thee,  
Every hour I need Thee,  
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour,  
I come to Thee."

were the words the Salvation Army were singing. Edith asked herself the question, "I wonder if that's what I need?" She entered. The door-keeper said, "No room below, miss; try the top gallery." She did so, and found a good seat. There were nearly two thousand people in the hall, mostly working men and their wives, but how free they seemed; very different to any place of worship she had ever attended. How they sang! Then a man got up at the Captain's bidding to tell what God had done for him—how he went at it, till the perspiration rolled off his face; then he pulled off his coat and went on, while "Hallelujahs," and "Amen's," made the theatre ring! After that the Captain said he would read the first three verses from the second chapter of Hebrews. While he read and spoke, the truth came to her heart and she felt sure the Captain was talking straight at her, and that several times he went so far as to point at her. As soon as the prayer meeting began, she got up, and went home; but do as she would she could not get that Sunday's meeting from her mind.

"I need Thee, oh, I need Thee,"

would ring in her ears, and that question that was asked in the three verses the Captain read,

How Shall we Escape If we Neglect  
so Great a Salvation?

would force itself upon her mind over

and over again. She resolved at last she would go again on the following Sunday evening. She went, but kept well back where the officer could not see her, but the truth found her out, and at the close of the meeting, she, with several others, knelt at the penitential form. God heard her cry and set her free.

She returned to her father full of joy, and told him she would stay in Hartlepool now, as she had found what her soul needed (salvation). She joined the corps and began to work for God, and since that time has won many others over to Christ, and I heard last summer that she was still satisfied and working for the salvation of others.

Wm. B.

## S.-D. Crackers.

Self-Denial is essential to success in the Salvation War.—The General.

Most men are slaves to their appetite, and can scarce deny anything to the flesh, and are therefore willingly carried by it to their sports, or profits, or vain companions.—Baxter's Saint's Rest.

In Holland a Captain, during the Self-Denial Week, spent her time nursing cholera victims. When the doctor found out what was the matter with the patients, he sent for assistance at once to the Salvation Army, believing that we are always ready to help.

A corps' captain, making a Self-Denial collection in the open-air amongst the poor, a washer-woman stepped up to him and said, "Captain, I am a poor, hard-working woman, and have not much, but if you will accept these two shillings I shall be pleased."

A man who lived in the same house with one of our French soldiers, came to his side one night in a state of intoxication, and said to him, "Stay, I am going to drink another pint, when suddenly the thought came to me that this was your Self-Denial, and I decided I had better give this money to you for your work."

Mind, no one can refuse self-denial without taking the consequences. To visit the sick, and the prisoners, to feed the hungry and clothe the naked; all these are acts of self-denial, and my Bible tells me of a crowd who went to hell charged with the offence of not doing these things. But still many who are doing them will go to the same place as those that are not.

William Carey counted it a joy to deny himself for the poor Indians. Here is what he wrote on one occasion:

"I have not been dry day nor night from the third day of the week to the sixth, but have travelled from place to place in that condition, and at night I pull off my boots and wring my stockings, and on with them again, and so continue. But," he adds, "God steps in and helps me."

I repeat, there is no happiness in having or getting, but only in giving. And half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting and in being served by others. It consists in giving and serving others. "He that would be great among you," said Christ, "let him serve." He that would be happy, let him remember that there is but one way—it is more blessed, it is more happy to give than to receive.—Drummond.

If you will give anything, give bountifully; take your hands full, as if you were sowing, like the poor widow with her two mites, which she sowed out freely though it was her whole substance. But the rich ones were not so liberal, but covetously offered only what they could spare very well. Is it not said we should sow? Now seedmen sow with hands full, and so should we. What we do to our neighbor, is the same as if it were done to God Himself, if done in faith and love.—Bogatsky's Golden Treasury.

"The whole Bible is an inventory of the things that are freely given to us, and yet we cannot reckon our wealth, for 'all things are yours.' Possessing the one unspeakable gift, Jesus Christ Himself, is 'possessing all things.'"

"As every man hath received the gift, even the same." How will you do this? Can you make it a matter of shillings or pounds, or dollars and cents? Is that what you have received? Is that as you have received? Will you not say "I will freely sacrifice



# LAMENTATIONS

## Of Ex-Sergeant Demas Over Self-Denial Week.

### A CONVERSATION BETWEEN DEMAS AND A STRANGER.

BY THE GENERAL.

Stranger: Well, Sergeant, I am glad to see you again. How are you? And how are your dear Friends, the Salvationists, going on? I haven't forgotten the happy night I spent with them the last time I was this way, nor lost the blessing I received in my soul at that meeting. I shall always be thankful for your introduction. I want to know more about them. I hope they are as hot as ever, for I confess I need warming up.

Demas: Well, yes. I remember the occasion to which you refer—it was a good meeting. They used to have very lively times at the old barracks, but I don't think they are doing so well now, I haven't been up lately.

#### An Awkward Reminder.

Stranger: Why, Sergeant? What ever is the matter? When I was here before, your wife told me that there was no keeping you away—that she was afraid you were neglecting your business for the meetings, and you will remember she laughingly suggested you should have a trundle bed underneath the platform, have your meals brought up, and stay there altogether.

Demas: Yes, I confess that I was very much taken up with the Army in those days; but my views have undergone a change since then, and I see things now in quite a different light, and I feel it my duty to draw off a little.

Stranger: Surely you are not throwing them up? But I see that you haven't got the tricolored ribbon on your coat as you had before, and I do not see the "Grace before Meat" Box on your counter, and there is no placard hanging up in the shop telling what is going on at the barracks—surely you have not deserted your old friends?

Sergeant: Well, no—not exactly. I think they still have my name on the roll, and the Captain is down here about every other day bothering me about going to the meetings; but, to tell the truth, they don't do things altogether in a way I approve of—in fact, there has been a great deal going on there for a long time which is contrary to my judgment. I bore with it for a while, but at last I took my stand, and unless they alter they won't see any more of me or of my money.

Stranger: Come, this is a sudden change! It cannot be more than six months since I was here, and you were frantically in love with the Army from top to bottom, the General, the officers, and the way they do things; in fact, don't you remember recommending me to go home and get our Society turned into a Corps, the Church into a Barracks, and make our Minister Captain, and then offer the whole lot to the General?

Sergeant: Yes! I talked some random stuff then I guess, as I have often done since; but those are not my sentiments to-day.

Stranger: Well, random or not, you have evidently been backsliding a bit—going down to Laodicea, as the Captain called it at that wonderful meeting. But what is the real reason of this alteration?

#### The Collection Obligation.

Sergeant: Well, to tell you the truth, the chief thing that I did not like in the Army was the everlasting begging. It was give, give, give, from morning till night; never a meeting indoors or out, without a Collection, and sometimes more than one. Juniors, or Social, or Quarterly, or Foreign, or something, until I got sick of it.

Stranger: Well, I suppose they cannot carry on the Corps without money, to say nothing about the great work that the Army is admittedly doing up and down the world. The Captain and the Treasurer and the rest of them did not put the money into their pockets, did they?

Sergeant: Oh, no! They paid it away, I suppose, in Officers' Salaries, Rent of Barracks, Gas, and the other things for which they begged it.

Stranger: Just so! And I expect you had a fair share of the service

know you said when I was here that you got your soul saved in the dear old place, and your wife also, and one of the children, and that the Officers worked like galley slaves, and there was more done for the money at your Corps than any place of worship in town. Come, now—you had a good pull out of the affair, and you ought not to begrudge helping to pay the expenses.

Sergeant: Well, yes! There is something in that; but then, you see, there was so much of it, and you can have too much of a good thing, can you not?

#### A Simple Sum In Addition.

Stranger: But I might ask you to put down what you think the saving of your soul was worth, and to add to it the value of the souls of the Missus and the boy, and then the value of keeping you all saved. And then I might ask you to total the amount, and then to calculate whether you thought you had paid as much as it would come to. But I won't pursue that line of argument, but ask, is that the only reason you have to give for leaving your friends to fight the battle without you?

Sergeant: Well, that is not quite all. It was the Self-Denial Effort, as they call it, that they have just commenced, that was the last feather; and I said as soon as it was mentioned that I could stand it no longer. I had my fill of that affair last year.

Stranger: Self-Denial Effort? Will you please explain what that is. It is an institution I have not heard of before. Of course, I do not know much about the Army, as I said at the beginning, and I shall be glad if you will give me a little information.

#### What is Self-Denial Week?

Sergeant: Well, you see, a week is set aside by the General in which the Soldiers of the Army in every part of the world make a special effort to raise money for the War. Every one is expected to give all they possibly can out of their earnings, and if they have any savings they must bring some of them out. And more than that, if they have any clothes they can do without, or any relics in the shape of jewellery, or the kind that would fetch money, they must sell them. And then they are expected to cut down their living expenses—do with plainer food and generally deny themselves of all luxuries for that one week especially, and send the money they have to this fund. Then they all set to work begging right and left, of their relatives and neighbors, and one way or another they get together a very respectable sum of money.

Stranger: Well, I am sure that sounds excellent! All at it, and all at it in different ways, and all at it all the week, denying themselves and giving the money to help their Saviour—that must be good. But do they do anything else besides gather the money?

Sergeant: Oh, yes. They fast and pray, and hunt up the backsliders. I suppose they will put me down as one of them for the coming week, and I shall be mobbed, morning, noon, and night; and they have special meetings for days before, early and late. I must confess that there was last year a great stirring up of the soldiers, and the Captain said that there was a great deal of good done.

#### What is Done with the S.-D. Money?

Stranger: You interest me very much. I must know more about this plan, and lay it before our Clergyman on my return, and see if I cannot persuade him to do something like it. Now, pray tell me what do they do with the money they raise in this manner? I suppose you object to it because you think they waste it in decorating the barracks, re-furnishing officers' quarters, sending the Captain and his wife on furlough to the seaside, feasting the Soldiers, or—

Sergeant: Oh, no, no, no! They would not get a penny if it was

Stranger: Well, then, on what do they spend it?

Sergeant: Well, there are a lot of things all clubbed together. For instance, among other things in connection with this Self-Denial Week that is just coming on, they want, they say, to help to Missionise the Millions of India, where they have already got hundreds of Native Officers, and want to train a large number more; to carry on the war amongst the colored people of the towns and cities of South Africa, and amongst the Zulus in their native Reservations. They want to push the battle in Japan, where they have already got Soldiers and Cadets; and in Java, where among other converts they have twenty Chinamen in one Corps; in France, where the work is so difficult; and Germany, in Belgium, in South Africa, and a great many other places. Then a part of this money, they say, is going to support the Officers in the Slums, to rescue the poor lost girls of the streets, and assist the Workless in the Labor Factories and Shelters. In short, the string of things which has been brought out and spread before us, for which they want help, is simply enormous.

#### A Self-Denial Convert.

Stranger: Well, doesn't that sound most attractive? Who would not like to deny himself to help forward such mighty and Christlike operations? I am sure I will do my little share. You must give me the date of the week. I will write it down in my pocket book, and though I am a little short just now, I must scrape £5 together some way or other, and send it along—but I shall do some fasting as well, if only for the mere pleasure of offering the Lord a gift which costs me something, to help forward a work which must be so near His heart. Don't you think so?

Sergeant: Well, yes. That is all very good, but, you see, there is no end to this kind of thing! The more you give the more you may, and, in fact, the more you must in the Army, for I believe that if the General could only see the day when all these things he has afloat were adequately supported, it would simply encourage him to go in for something fresh the day after. It is my opinion that it is not the General only who is always discovering some outlandish people who need saving, or some poor wretches who are next door to starvation, but that there are lots of Officers about him who are always pushing him on. It is not my business now, but were I allowed to give a little advice, I should say that I think the time has come when the General should sit down contented with what he has already got on his hands, and have a little peace himself, and let other people have a little as well; but there, bless my soul, it is no use, and I am going out of the whirl of the thing for a time anyhow.

Stranger: But here—stop a bit! Tell me more about the raising of the money. Do the Officers fix the amount every man has to give and punish him in some way if he does not come up to the mark?

#### The Voluntary Principle.

Sergeant: It has not exactly come to that as yet, although I expect it will do eventually. At present at least it is all voluntary; but everyone is put on their mettle and urged on with arguments, pleadings, and appeals until a man feels miserable unless he does something that will nearly equal the expectations of those about him.

Stranger: What amount did your Corps raise last year?

Sergeant: Well, you see, our Corps has 150 Soldiers, and they raised about £85 10s. That is a large sum for a few poor people to have to get together.

Stranger: Yes, so it is. Did you contribute all that sum yourselves?

Sergeant: No, not exactly. There are a few people round about us who

time of the year, but they say when they see us doing so much in the self-sacrificing way—every man, woman and child denying themselves—that they cannot but for shame assist us, and I think the amount they contributed was £35.

Stranger: Well was not the object, by your own confession, worthy of the struggle they made?

Porridge and Potatoes with Thanks

Sergeant: Oh, yes, I must say it was, and I think everybody else thought so, but it was the way the Officers pushed the thing on the Soldiers, and urged them to do without luxuries and without almost the very necessities of life. For instance, our Captain told the people one day that he thought that if they lived on porridge and potatoes just for one week, and gave the Lord the money they saved, they would be none the worse for it. He said he was going to do it himself. Indeed, they went to such a pass in this direction that it was like interfering with your free agency, and it kind of made people give whether they would or not, and it is that compulsion that I object to.

Stranger: Well, was anyone hurt by the effort? Do you know any Soldier or anyone else who suffered from the fasting. Did anyone die over it, and the Jury bring in a verdict of "Died through living an entire week on porridge and potatoes?"

Sergeant: Oh dear, no! I don't think anything of the kind—I believe no one was even injured—still there it was, and it must appear to any sensible person to be an unjustifiable interference with the rights of the subject to dictate what people should eat and drink in connection with Religion, especially when it is plainly stated that they would be expected to bring the amount of the savings effected into the funds.

#### Nobody the Worse.

Stranger: I do not see it at all; in fact, the whole scheme, so far as you have explained it, plainly appears to me most admirable, and I shall certainly go back and persuade our Clergyman to get up a Self-Denial Week, but we must call it by another name, or else they will say we are imitating the Salvation Army. But before I shake hands with you, let me push my question a little further, for I want to be satisfied on this aspect of the question. Did you suffer then, or at any other time, or has your wife or your son, or anybody else you know, sustained any loss in body, soul or spirit, in business or in any other way, in consequence of anything they did or gave, or any sacrifice they made for the saving of the lost and helping the poor and the wretched?

Sergeant: I cannot say they have. I am sure I did not myself.

Stranger: Then let me ask you one other question. Supposing you were to commence from this moment, and continue to the end of your life, if it lasted a hundred years to deny yourself of all the comforts and luxuries of existence, toiling night and day without cessation, saving every penny of what you earn, and supposing at the end of that time you could go and lay it all at your Master's feet to help Him save the millions now living in poverty, wallowing in sin, dying in despair and perishing forever, would it be too much to give Him for all He has done for you?

#### Demas Penitent.

Sergeant: No, certainly not, and I begin to feel very miserable and ashamed of my grumbling and dissatisfaction.

Stranger: And well you may, Sergeant; I am very much ashamed of you myself, and if I may give you a bit of advice, as you have given me a good deal, I recommend you to go up to your old friends at the Barracks and go down at the Penitent Form at the very next meeting, and confess to God before your comrades your backsliding and selfishness, and again offer yourself, and all you possess to live, suffer, toil, and sacrifice for Him and the salvation of men as long as God shall give you the great privilege of doing so, and then get the Captain to let all the Soldiers join you in singing:

"Dear Saviour, how can I repay,  
The mighty debt I owe?  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do."

### SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, to  
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.

## Great Britain.

The General visited Glasgow last Friday, Saturday and Sunday, and has seen a time of remarkable power, with sweeping baptisms of love. Col. Lawley reports enthusiastically upon all meetings, and sums up the immediate results of this meeting with 243 souls at the penitent form.

Many of the London newspapers have given interesting sketches of the Army's work among the Hooligans.

The Chief-of-the-Staff has opened his Winter Campaign by meeting 250 London Corps Cadets, and treating them to one of his intensely practical talks.

Mr. Bramwell Booth also conducted a Young People's Campaign at Manchester. About 350 young people had paid their own fare from different parts of Lancashire to unite with their Manchester comrades in enjoying the Chief's meetings. 113 were out for cleansing, and 85 Candidates were the immediate results of this campaign.

The charge of obstruction brought against our officers in Nottingham has been up for trial and has ended in a complete victory for the Army.

## United States.

At Columbus, Ind., two officers were arrested for holding open-air meetings, but the mayor released them upon their own recognizance, without bond. The papers add that the same evening a prize fight was held that made enough noise to drown the Salvation Army meeting and drum, but the fight was permitted.

The Consul successfully launched the Philadelphia Rescue Campaign by special services in two well-known churches of the Quaker City.

The Commander has just opened the fortieth American Shelter at Cincinnati. The building is supplied with 75 beds and is a great credit to the Army.

251 persons applied in one month at the New York Labor Bureau, 159 of whom were found positions.

## Italy.

The first officer in Italy who came out from amongst the Italians has been promoted to Glory. His name was Lieut. Glannetti, and he came out of Florence corps. He has done one year's service in the war, and was much beloved by all who knew him. His last work consisted in walking from village to village selling War Crys; in fact, acting as a Salvation colporteur. His last march of this description was from Florence to Venice, where he was taken ill with what proved to be typhoid fever. Brigadier Clibborn visited him before his death, when he gave a clear and happy testimony.

## Australasia.

The General is expected to visit Australasia next February.

Adelaide, which is the Army's Australian birth-place, has a new barracks. Outside the Territorial Headquarters, Melbourne, the new block of buildings is the most imposing, commodious and by far the most valuable of any single Army property in Australia.

New Homes in connection with the Rescue Work are being opened at Charters Towers and Broken Hill.

A large crowd of Christian Endeavorers, some hundreds strong, attending their annual convention, visited some of our Melbourne Social Institutions. They were more than delighted with what they saw.

The Commandant's Self-Denial Sunday at Bendigo, scored close on \$250 for the day.

The Commandant is hard pressed at the office with mighty problems, but he is finding time to visit at week-ends, some of the corps both in Victoria and New South Wales, Albury, Goulburn, Bendigo, Echuca and Kyneton, being

a tremendous success, and the lecture, illustrated by lime light, is to be repeated at each of the centres named.

During the early part of this month, New Zealand will record the opening of three new barracks, built according to our own plans and specifications—viz.: Gisborne, Waipawa and Wanganui.

The Commandant's series of lectures at the Training Home are being much relished by the coming officers.

"YES, YOU MUST DO IT. YOU MUST LOSE SOMETHING FOR HIM, DENY SOMETHING FOR HIS SAKE, TAKE UP THE BURDEN OF THE CROSS—THAT IS, THE BURDEN OF SUFFERING FOR SINNERS—AND GO AFTER HIM."—The Chief-of-the-Staff.

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## "Desert the Ship?—Never!"

[At the burial of the late Brigadier John Read, Commissioner Rees, in his address, remarked that during a period of storm and stress in Canada, Brigadier and Mrs. Read stepped into his office one morning and said: "Commissioner, we just want to say that when the old ship rocks we'll stand by to steady her, but never desert her—NEVER!"]

The black and sullen waters of life's ocean rose and fell;  
There were forms of struggling swimmers borne upon its glassy swell;  
And their shrieks of pain and terror rent the dark clouds and the skies  
As they strove, and battled fiercely, in their dying agonies.  
Up to the great Creator, up to the Courts of Heaven.  
Rose His creatures' cries of anguish, whom to save His Son was given.  
And His heart was moved with pity for those souls upon the wave,  
So He launched a noble vessel them to rescue and to save.  
She was named *Salvation Army*, fashioned large and trim and true,  
Strong of faith, and stout of heart, where her captain and her crew;  
And to save the struggling swimmers all resolved to dare and do.

Though the winds may roar, and the waters rage, with vain endeavor they storm.  
Not a fear have we, of the rage of the sea, while rescuing souls from harm.  
The ship may rock, and the lightnings shock—her cables too may sever,  
We'll stand by to steady her then, but never DESERT her—NEVER!

The demons of the pit, fierce in conclave met and swore  
Destruction to the vessel, she should rescue souls no more.  
So they loosened every storm-fiend from the caverns of despair,  
And their passionate disportings, howls and shriekings filled the air.  
Then they freed the crashing thunders; hurled the lightning's scorching flash;  
Drove the long and heaving billows; made them break with murderous crash.  
High above the labouring vessel; strove to swamp her with their might;  
While the foamy waves upspouting, white the blackness of the night.  
A gallant combat with the storm the good ship does maintain,  
Her straining timbers start and her tall masts tremble as with pain:  
But the One who did create her holds her safely in His grip,  
And no hell-raised storm or cyclone can wreck or sink that ship;  
So the baffled storm-fiends downwards to their cavern prisons slip.

The thus defeated demons next in conclave did agree  
To sink the ship *Salvation*, whilst on a summer sea,  
By hidden sands and rocks, slight sunk beneath the simmering wave,  
So what weathered storms, 'neath sunny skies should find a watery grave.  
The sun shone forth in smiling day; the balmy breezes blew.  
A peacefulness was all around, and languid were the crew.  
With sails full spread, and rocks ahead, the ship in danger speeds.  
Can ship in such a plight be saved, unless God intercedes?  
God does—a thunder-clap peals out; the sky is overcast;  
A squall blows hard; the breakers roar; to their posts the crew spring fast.  
"Bout ship!" rings out, her course is changed, and all the danger past.

A sad, yet joyful company stand by the vessel's side  
To place a shipmate's lifeless course into the flowing tide  
Thro' sunny seas and raging storms, great toils and dangers thick,  
He faithful to his vows had been—did not desert the ship,  
But now his toils are o'er, barque moored, and ended his last "trip."

Loud the Harpers harped, and sang the praises of the Blood  
That had them the victory gotten—on a Sea of Glass they stood.  
Loud welcomed they the Mariner to the Fiery, Glassy floor,  
With a Crown of Glory decked him, to his hand a Harp they bore:  
Cried they—"True and just the King of Saints" is, he shall praise Him evermore!"

Though the clouds may be black, the sun is behind; the rolling waves will calm down.

Though long be the voyage and hard be the toil, in Port there's a golden crown  
Then cheer up my shipmates! Make God and the Ship your choice and your portion forever!  
When see rocks do your duty and stand by her then, but never DESERT her—no NEVER!

## Africa.

Commissioner and Mrs. Ridsdel are doing extensive tours in the Southern and Native Provinces.

The building extension at the Diefontein Social Farm is going up rapidly. It will provide increased accommodation for over thirty men.

Woodstock Circle is an up-to-date centre of salvation life. One of the most beautiful sights was witnessed at the famous "Jinks' Corner" on Saturday, when a poor drunk and a well-dressed lady knelt side by side at the drum-head seeking the mercy of God.

interesting interview with Brigadier Ranch on the Social Work.

200 men can be accommodated at the Cape Town Metropole.

## China.

Several ships have called at the harbor of Hong Kong, and Staff-Capt. Symons has been kept busy at the Naval and Military Home. The Staff-Captain has also been visiting the ships and holding meetings on board, with the result that he has seen several souls got saved, amongst them being a petty officer. Some of the policemen in the town have also been visiting the Home, and in some cases they have sent men along and paid for their bed and keep.

## INDIAN TESTIMONIES.

Below we print the testimonies just as three Indian Salvationists, who came to the Toronto Anniversary meetings, gave them:

### The Chief's Testimony.

I am surprised that you Toronto people ask us to sing. Why, yesterday (Saturday) coming along the street a gentleman made the remark that we wasn't civilized. We are just as much civilized as you are. My mother, I have heard her speak of England, so surely she must have been there; of Toronto, so she must have been here, too. Just as the time came this fall for the Salvation Army to meet in Toronto, so the time will come for us to meet at the Judgment bar and give account of the deeds we have done upon this earth. Hallelujah!

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### Brother George Obatassaway's Testimony.

I thank God that He ever led me into the right way, and that the Salvation Army did catch me. I have a little money coming in and I do not have to work, if I keep from the whiskey. I have been a drunkard all my life until God helped me two years ago, and itself the happiest two years of my life. I'm going to be faithful and go to heaven.

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### Brother Wilson Ga K's Testimony.

(Interpreted by the Chief.)  
I am thankful to God that He ever led me in the right way. Some time ago some white folk say that Indian have no soul, but I believe there is a place in heaven somewhere for me. The Salvation Army came along and told me that I had a soul, and that I could be saved. I am going to be faithful and do what is right and there will be a place in heaven for me.

### Lisgar Street Corps' Anniversary Sunday.

Wonderful manifestation of God's saving power. Adj. Wiggins and wife and Capt. Hart farewelled. Surely they will long remember the result of their earnest appeal for sinners to farewell from sin. ELEVEN souls knelt at the penitent form crying for deliverance from their different besetting sins, and some for sanctification in the holiness meeting. Capt. White did a noble fight and people were struck with conviction as could be seen on their faces. The visit of those who went out of our corps to fight against the devil and for God, were heartily welcomed back, and the barracks was crowded all day. The dedication of the two children of Treasurer Lily and wife, was a solemn but joyful service. Three of our comrades got enrolled under the banner of the corps. At night grand meeting, the power of the Holy Ghost was felt, and many were convicted and a large number help up their hands for prayer. Four came out and got magnificently saved. Hall-e-lu-jah! Amen! How is that for a day's work for God? The old devil must have howled with rage at that sight. We are looking and praying for a great revival in our corps.—Bro. S. McFarland, Reg. Cor.

## IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING:-

PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?  
JOIN STOCK COMPANIES?  
PROPERTY DEEDS?  
MORTGAGES?  
INSURANCES, OR  
LEGACIES?

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR:-

CREDITORS, OR  
MORTGAGES?

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your service the knowledge and experience of a competent officer.  
Address your letter (marked "Confidential"), to Major A. Smeeton, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto. A small fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.

## SELF-DENIAL WEEK:

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, to  
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.

## Mrs. Brigadier Read

Leads Council with Women's Social Officers.

Our hearts were still warm and aglow with the beautiful influences of the previous councils led by our beloved Commissioner, and perhaps we felt that there was very little, if anything left unsaid.

But as we gathered around our leader, dear Mrs. Read, in the cosy sitting-room of the Women's Shelter, our numbers were not large, but we were cheered, blessed and helped, as we listened to her earnest and inspiring words.

In looking back over the past year we have much to encourage us. About 600 girls have passed through the Rescue Home during the year. A large number of them have been truly converted, and to-day are soldiers in the Army which was the means of leading them to God.

Also our Shelters are doing well, in fact we have every reason to be thankful for the past year. Some rapid strides have been made. God has indeed blessed the labors of the Rescue band.

But we have one great bugbear that hinders our progress, that is a lack of officers. Officers! Oh, how much

some of our comrades are needed at the front to-day. Women and nurses who will take the message of hope to the victims of despair.

Mrs. Read, in some of her remarks, spoke of the utter hopelessness, apparently, of some of our cases. We find them everywhere, on the street, in our court-rooms, in the prison cells; people who have lost hope. But they make the brightest gems when we get them on their feet again—get them saved. What we need to do is to save them, put our arms around them and cheer them, and point them to Mary's Christ.

Then each one in our little meeting told out their own heart's story, and God came very near. And we separated, feeling that more than ever before, we were bound together as one band with one purpose—seeking the lost—and with our arms linked in our Master's under the Flag, E. H.

### STILL A CHANCE FOR YOU.

We have had replies in answer to our appeal in the Cry some time ago for officers, but we still require eight or ten godly, consecrated women for the Women's Social Work. Especially do we need several trained nurses. Apply at once to Brigadier Mrs. Read, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

"THE GREAT EFFORT OF CHRIST FOR THE SALVATION OF A RUINED WORLD ORIGINATED WITH A SACRIFICE, AND MUST BE CARRIED FORWARD ON THE SAME LINES. HE GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME, THEREFORE I CANNOT GIVE HIM LESS."

### SPECIAL.

The following report we print just as received by us. (Please not that the word "exterminate" means "to destroy, to annihilate" according to the dictionary.) The report is all right, only remember not to use words unless you are familiar with their meaning:

M.—Sunday evening his Satanic Majesty entered our meeting in the shape of a young man, when one of our L. O's had to perform the somewhat painful duty of exterminating him from our midst, while the Captain held the fort, the Lieutenant led the charge, and one backslider returned to our God. Hallelujah. Our corps is clear of debt. Glory to God!—Yours advancing, A. H. H.

## Centralettes.

The October Congress is now a thing of the past, and the officers have gone back to their respective commands inspired and encouraged. By this time the arrangements for the great S.-D. fight are well in hand, and if we mistake not, there will be another splendid victory scored in the Central.

There have been several changes, which we have reason to believe will work out to the advantage of the war generally. Ensign and Mrs. Attwell take command of the Barrie Corps and District. Lieut. Jackson goes to Stroud. Aurora and Newmarket Corps are transferred to the Toronto District, while Barrie is compensated by having Midland (Capt. McClelland) Coldwater and Orillia (Capts. Creamer and Stevens) tacked on. Bracebridge District is now piloted by Adj. Oscar and Capt. Louie Matthews. Congratulations, Captain! Capt. White, late of Hamilton I, takes hold of Huntsville, and will do well. Capt. Wicks and Lieut. Paxton have gone to Ahmic Harbor. Gravenhurst Corps is transferred to the Bracebridge District, thus swallowing up Orillia District entirely.

Capt. Barker and Darrach and Lieut. Dales have taken charge of Oshawa. The fight here is very difficult, but there will be a move in the right direction very soon. Capt. Wiseman goes to Brooklin.

Hamilton District receives two new Lieutenants from the Women's Training Garrison, in the persons of Lieut. Donaldson and Lieut. Cooper, the former going to Dundas and the latter to St. Catharines. Lieut. Fisher is promoted to the rank of Captain and is appointed to assist Adj. Taylor, at Hamilton I. Still another promotion, Capt. Mainland if you please, takes charge of Hamilton II, with Lieut. Crego to assist. Oakville, in the hands of Capt. Willie White, is all right. Capt. Smith is supplying at Dundas for a few weeks.

The portly Adj. Wiggins, with his better and lesser half, holds the fort at Lindsay. Capt. O'Neil and wife are at Fenelon Falls, while Lieut. Cook, from the Women's Training Garrison goes to assist Capt. Culbert, at Uxbridge.

Lieut. Capper dons the red braid, and with Lieut. Edwards, will do a real good thing at Chesley. Lieut. Bell drops into Orangeville, while Capt. Rennie and Lieut. Huskinson re-opens Meaford. Feversham Circle is now in command of no less a dignitary than Capt. Brant, who is assisted by Lieut.

Sudbury District will be run from the Provincial Headquarters. Capt. Sherwin and Lieut. Bond will make things move at Sudbury. Capt. Stephens (late Lieutenant in charge at Oakville), assisted by Lieut. McLennan, will push the war at North Bay. Capt. Gammage has gone to Little Current, and will be assisted by the newly-promoted Capt. Mainprize.

Capt. Hanna and Lieut. Wadge have taken charge of Brampton, and if hard work will accomplish anything, they are the people to do it. Welcome to the Central Province, but especially to Lippincott, Adj. DesBrisay. Capt. Charlton and Lieut. Craig are two capable and good assistants. Adj. Moore comes from furlough and will lead on at Lisgar St., assisted by Capt. McDonald, while Capt. Hart goes to Riverside pro tem. Capt. Rose will do well at Dovercourt. Ensign Taylor Capt. Lott, Capt. and Mrs. Jones, Capt. Palling and Capt. Mitchell have gone on furlough.

A real splendid soul-saving work is going on in Toronto. 9 souls at Yorkville, 6 at the Temple, 4 at Richmond St., and 2 at Riverside, are amongst the recent captures reported in the city.

St. Catharines has been a very hard field for soul-saving, but in the past two or three weeks several souls have sought salvation.

The Chief Secretary dedicated Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Margetts' baby at Lippincott on Sunday.

### SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, to  
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.



## Self-Defence.

He was in a rage!

Mr. Self-Indulgence was really mad. I call him Mr. because this generally is the way he is addressed; in reality he is a near relation to his Satanic Vileness.

Only that morning he had received a large parchment containing a proclamation signed by Apollyon, having attached to it the seal of the Nether Region. And this is the information

The Salvation Army are having again their obnoxious Self-Denial Week and more desperate efforts are being made to unite people not only to give out of what they can afford, but to induce everybody to give until it is felt to be a real denial of self. Mr. Self-Indulgence was reminded of his allegiance to Apollyon and exhorted to use all weapons at his command to defeat the practice of Self-Denial.

Mr. Self-Indulgence was severely shocked; he was no believer in exertion. He had risen late that morning, and after a most sumptuous breakfast, had sunk back in his cushioned armchair, his slippery feet resting on a magnificent floor slipper. He loved the

active in the extreme. Still, he recognized that possibly his very existence depended on immediate action, so he reached down a tremendous long sword called the Appetite of the Flesh; with it he is confident he will largely defeat the Self-Denial Efforts of the Salvation Army.

This above information was given to the War Cry by a reliable authority, and we pass it on to our numerous readers, as we have no doubt that old Self-Indulgence's Sword will show its edge to all those who are going to practice some real Self-Denial, in order



## WEEKLY WATCHWORD:

## Strong to Suffer.

## Daily Tonic.

Sunday.—Our Great Example. I Peter ii. 19-24.

Monday.—Divine obedience through Divine suffering. Heb. v. 8-9.

Tuesday.—Suffering, the seed of life and glory. II Tim. ii. 11-12.

Wednesday.—No faithful service without suffering. II Tim. iii. 12.

Thursday.—Sympathy feels suffering or joy. I Cor. xii. 20-26.

Friday.—Right and wrong suffering. I Peter iv. 12-19.

Saturday.—Glorifying in suffering. Phil. iii. 7-10.

## Triumphant Suffering.

Night had fallen around the missionary's tent. The rustle of an Eastern day had given place to the mingled hush and murmur of the Eastern night. Clouds of vapour pervaded the locality and the very atmosphere was dreary and dense. Around the tent a small, strange crowd was gathered—Mohammedans in the Persian robes come to revile the man who had striven so long and earnestly for their enlightenment.

"Dog of an infidel," "Traitor to Mohammed," "Christian liar." These and worse epithets fell thick and fast. Mohammedanism supplies a rare variation of oaths with which to curse the object of its hatred, and such seemed to exhaust themselves upon the defenceless head of the missionary.

Within the tent, whose canvas made no wall between the voices of hatred and abuse, there lay the object of such unmerited scorn. Every nerve of his thin frame seemed quivering with pain. Upon his ashy cheek there already shone the carmine spot denoting consumption's devastating hold. The dangerous damp of the hard field of his mission had aggravated a disposition to argue, and racking suffering was the outcome.

Not far away was a letter—a letter which had seemed to let fall the last drop of bitterness in his bitter cup. It told coldly of the changed attitude of that woman's heart whose presence and love might have meant so much to him at such an hour. The love story of Henry Martyn is a mysterious one. He had thrown the wealth of his passionate heart at the feet of one who, if not insensible of its value, had seemed incapable of adequate return. Bound by the same dolefulness of creed which gave at times to Henry Martyn such terrible seasons of depression, she had severed the engagement which promised her to him. From conscientious but unexplainable scruples she had written him a long farewell. Lydia Genfell was undoubtedly in many ways a good and noble character, but could she but have seen the sorrow and suffering of the heart she spurned she would have been inclined also to see the blindness and rashness of her action towards him.

Outside, the storm of wordy persecution rose higher and stronger. For these excited fanatics his life had been given, his days had been spent, the best of his rare capacities of soul and brain been sacrificed. But they showed no appreciation. Indeed it was not until some years after, when the missionary's spare form was laid in a narrow grave, that the seed which he had sown with toiling tears in Persia and India, sprung into resurrection life.

He was too ill to argue with them now—too weak to meet them with the Bible upon which they had too often heaped abuse. He lay on the damp, comfortless ground of his tent quivering with the pangs of pain, disappointment and grief.

Lonely, persecuted, unsuccessful, sick unto death. Yet with feeble fingers he traced on a bit of paper, while a wan glad smile lighted up the pinched features with the glory of another day, the language of an unquenched spirit in the little verse:

"If on my face for Thy dear sake  
Shame and reproaches be,

## SPIRITUAL POWER.

BY BRIGADIER BRENGLE.

God is the source of all spiritual power, and should be sought for constantly in two ways—by meditation in His word, and by secret prayer—if we would have and retain power.

Several years ago I was specialling at a New England corps, commanded by a rather gifted Ensign. He appeared to be much impressed by my familiarity with and use of the Bible, and one day remarked that he would be willing to give a fortune, if he had it, for an equal knowledge of the Scriptures. He was much taken back when I assured him that he was quite mistaken as to the strength of his desire, for if he really wanted to get acquainted with his Bible, he could easily do so by spending the hour and more that he gave to the newspapers each day, in prayerful study of God's word.

Men are everywhere crying and signing for power and the fulness of the Spirit, but

## Neglecting the Means

by which this power and fulness are secured.

The saintly Fletcher said, "An eager attention to the doctrines of the Holy Spirit made me in some degree overlook the medium by which that Spirit works; I mean the word of truth, by which that heavenly fire warms us. I rather expected lightning, than a steady fire by means of fuel."

Glad, believing, secret prayer, and patient, constant meditation in the word of God will keep the sanctified man full of power, full of love and faith, full of God.

But neglect of these results in spiritual weakness and dryness, joyless labor and fruitless toil, and, unless a remedy is found, spiritual death will surely, if not swiftly, follow. If any reader of this has lost the power and juice and sweetness of his experience through neglect of these simple means, he will not receive the blessing back again by working himself up into a

frenzy of agony in prayer, but rather by quieting himself and talking plainly to God above it, and then harkening diligently to what God says in His word and by His Spirit. Then peace and power will soon return, and need never be lost any more. Hallelujah!

Most people give their bodies about

## Ten Hours a Day

in eating, and drinking, and dressing, and sleeping, and maybe a few minutes to their souls. We ought to give at least one solid hour every day to restful, loving devotion with Jesus over our open Bible, for the refreshing, developing and strengthening of our spiritual life. If we would do this, God would have an opportunity to teach, correct, inspire, and comfort us, reveal His secrets to us, and make spiritual giants of us. If we will not do this, we shall surely be spiritual weaklings all our days, however we may wish to be strong. The devil will rob us of this hour if we do not steadfastly fight for it. He will say, "Go and work," before we have gotten the spiritual food that strengthens us for work. The devil's piety and eager interest in God's work is amazing when he sees a soul upon its knees! It is then that he transforms himself into

## An Angel of Light,

and woe be to the soul that is deceived by him at this point!

I do thank God that for many years, as a Field Officer, a District Officer, a General Secretary, and a Spiritual Special, God has helped me to resist the devil at this point, and have time with Him until my soul has been filled with His glory and strength, and made triumphant over all the power of the enemy. Glory to God!

"And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up an inheritance among all them that are sanctified." (Acts xx. 32.)

## ONE OF MANY.

## Life Sketch of Thomas Gillies, the Saved Drunkard.

It was only three months after I had left my uncle, when he became paralyzed in his side, and he came to live with my father. I was just getting back from Dublin, all used up. Father said, "What are you going to do with yourself now?"

I replied, "I don't know. I would not not be back now, only I am not tall enough for the army."

"Well," he said, "I'll give you £50; try your luck in Canada and see what you can do."

"All right," I answered, "give me the money and I won't trouble you long."

But he knew better. "No; I'll go to Dublin and get your ticket," he said "and see you safe on board."

I bought what clothing I needed, father came and got my ticket and also two gallons of whiskey for the voyage. I bid him good-bye, and thought my heart would break when we were separating.

I was not three days aboard before I was dead drunk; drank all I brought with me and spent \$20 besides, all for drink.

## In Canada.

I had taken passage for Toronto, but after twelve days' sail, landed in Quebec, gathered my baggage together and went to a hotel and hummed around for a couple of weeks. Then I went to Montreal. Knocked around there drunk for a couple of weeks longer, and then started for Toronto, where I had relatives living. I called on one of them, a License Inspector at the time, and for many years after, produced my letter of introduction to him which he read and received me very kindly. He didn't know I was such a drunken bum, or he would not have had anything to do with me. He brought me through the city and introduced me to several relatives and friends, took me to his home and introduced me to his family, where I remained for a week or ten days. He often tried to see if I was addicted to drink or not, but I always refused because I knew he was testing me.

He asked me what kind of a situation I preferred as he could procure me such

my experience in a store, advised me to follow the same here. I consented and he got me a situation in a wholesale and retail grocery and whiskey store at \$8 per week. I did not keep it long before I

## Got the Walking Ticket

I did not go near my uncle any more at that time, but began drinking wholesale, getting arrested for being drunk and paid fine after fine.

Then I left and went to Pine Grove with 40 or 50 other men to build a mill race. I started to work, but my hands became all blistered and raw, so I had to quit. I was boarding at a hotel and stayed there two or three days after spending what little money I had.

I met a harness-maker who said, "How would you like farming?"

I said, "I never worked on a farm or worked as a laborer till I struck this country."

"My father wants a man to help him with the harvest, or perhaps he might hire you altogether." He went to see his father that night and we struck a bargain for five months at \$10 a month.

I was not long in finding out the place would not suit me; working from early morning till 8 or 9 at night. After work I would go to the village and get blind drunk and bring a quart bottle home with me, to do until the next night. I put in about six weeks with him, got into a fight with his son about working such long hours, so I made up my mind to get away from there in some way. I took a holiday, got drunk and did not come back for a week. Then I told him I had a letter from my uncle in Toronto requesting me to come there, as he had got me a situation; but he would not listen to it at all or give me any money till my time was up. I threatened to go and see a lawyer, and when he saw I was bound to have it, he offered me \$10 for the time I had worked. I took it and started for Toronto, and spent it in drink when I reached there.

I started to work at different kinds of employment, but everything I made went for drink. I worked in Toronto about four years, and during that time spent about TWELVE MONTHS IN JAIL. Sometimes I was sent for 30 days, sometimes 60, and three months at a time.

Then I took a notion to railroading and worked on the Toronto, Gray and Bruce, stayed till it was completed, but spent every cent in drink. I worked on the Midland R. R. and other railways, but all my earnings went for drink.

## Helps for J. S. Workers.

## The Baptism and Temptation.

Matt. iii. 13-17; iv. 1-11.

Then Cometh Jesus.—John's preaching had drawn large crowds into the wilderness, where he was baptizing and preaching repentance and forgiveness of sin. Rich and poor had been alike convicted of sin, and humbled themselves unto his baptism. Jesus came from Nazareth to Galilee to be baptized, although he had no sin and needed no repentance. Yet what had been asked of others he was ready to humble himself to, and all that was commanded. Here He teaches us a lesson of humility, and also that of a leader. If He was to lead men on to obedience and heaven, He began just where every sinner must begin, "at the foot of the ladder."

John Forbade Him.—No doubt the Divine appearance of Jesus, coupled with His calm and loving spirit, made John to feel that his baptism was not for such a holy being. It was for the sinful, and was merely an outward performance, as a confession of a deeper work wrought within the heart, which he felt was already possessed by this holy man, the Christ of God.

Suffer it to be so Now.—Jesus did not sternly command John to baptize him, but humbly requested that He might be permitted to begin where others began, for He said, "thou art better than I am to fulfill all righteousness." If it was good for others to be humiliated, He was ready to share in the same act of humiliation.

The Spirit and Voice from Heaven.—How the ears and hearts of everybody must have tingled when the radiant light broke upon them from Heaven, and descending softly, its rays fell directly upon Jesus, resting upon Him with the gentleness of a dove, then the opening heavens uttered the startling declaration, "This is My Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." From that hour John was to decrease, Jesus was to increase, John's prophecy was fulfilled. John had said the truth when he said, "I have need to be baptized of Thee," meaning the baptism of the Holy Ghost. We all feel like this when Jesus comes near to our hearts.

Led of the Spirit into the Wilderness.—God's leading is always right. It may not always be easy to follow nor pleasant to the flesh, but it is where God shall be able to get the most good out of us. As with us it was with Jesus, the great blessing and filling with the Holy Ghost was succeeded by the testing in the wilderness. God's children often after great blessings suffer from a state of poverty of soul. This is to prove their faith and teach them not to trust to their feelings.

Fasted Forty Days and Nights.—If mortal man had endured this on earth it was expedient that the Son of God, to be a Saviour to the uttermost, should do the same. Moses and Elijah had had this test, Jesus bears the full measure of their cup.

The Tempter Come.—In this hour of fatigue and weakness the devil tries to take advantage (not a flesh and blood devil, but the evil spirit), suggesting to His mind how, if he being the Son of God, why not work a miracle on His own behalf. Satan tries hard to get a soul in an hour of physical pain or weakness, to give up and yield to sin, and become more selfish and pamper the flesh.

"It is Written."—Noble reply, no reasoning with the devil, nor conferring with His feelings. It certainly was lawful for Him to eat, but not when it was only to please Satan. There are times when it is not the body that needs feeding, but the soul, not material food, but spiritual. We are put on this earth, not merely to live to look after earthly affairs, but heavenly also.

"All These Things Will I Give Thee."—What great things the devil tries to offer to get the soul to turn away from God. None of the things he offered belonged to him. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." While Satan may hold up his vain fountains and sinful vanity, the world and all its pleasures, God has said, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things." Christ overcame. The world is His!

"The Devil Leaveth Him and Angels Ministered Unto Him."—Through all this long and weary forty days of severe temptation, God had watched over His Beloved Son. It might be questioned why God permitted one so undeserving of such painful treatment to suffer such severe want and hunger for so long a time, but to make the Captain of our salvation perfect through suffering. He did it. But see the reward. The angels are sure to come and minister to the wants of those who endure to the end.

## MEMORY TEXT.

## FALLEN.

What a world of heartaches, sorrow and shame is implied by that little word—fallen.

There she is, in the nook of a porch of a large public building, with the child of her shame, and yet the one thing that binds her to life, in her arms, at last blessed with a little sleep.

The policeman came round to try the doors; his foot stumbled against a soft heap, suspiciously he lets the light of his lantern fall upon it—it is only a fallen girl with her child. Although frequent acquaintance with criminals has somewhat hardened his feelings, yet this sight touches him. She is so young! Should he send for the patrol and have her put into a cell with a lot of drunken and brutal old-timers?

"No, she shall have a chance," he muttered.

Quickly he telephones to the Rescue Home of the Salvation Army, and soon the girl is safely housed there.

Her story was exceedingly pathetic. She had been brought up by well-to-do parents and possessed a good education. At comparatively young years she had passed all her examinations triumphantly, and after two years successful teaching had received a position as teacher on the high school staff not far from her native town. Here the devil had set the trap for her soul. She was introduced in some of the best families of that town, and met

there a young fellow, extremely handsome and equally wicked. He was the biggest good-for-nothing in town. As it frequently happens, Lily, as we will call her, although rather sensible in most matters, was entirely blind to the unprincipled disposition of Frank, as we will call the scoundrel. He saw her and desired her. He had, with some diplomacy, not a very hard task in winning her confidence. Lily was warned, but she would not listen, and attributed to jealousy all that was told her by other girls. Unquestioning she believed all the well chosen assurance of his admiration and affection, until he had accomplished his designs and thrown her overboard shortly afterwards.

Her circumstances forced her to resign her position. She returned to her home, where she met with a curse from her father and brother, when the truth was known, and her mother, although desirous to shield her, was unable to protect the girl. She had to leave home.

Lily went to the city, to look for a situation. She obtained one for a few months. Then her child was born. When she returned from the hospital she was not admitted to the house again. That night, penniless, after wandering about the streets all day, and hungry and tired she had sought a little rest in the shelter of a porch.

If ever a girl appreciated the love shown her in the Rescue Home—and there are some that can't do it—it was Lily. The matron was overjoyed, when Lily, one Sunday morning, knelt by her side and gave her heart to God.

A few weeks after that, an unexpected opportunity opened to find her a situation as teacher again. There was no deception practised. The Board was informed of all the circumstances, and she could take her position without threading that the past might be discovered any day and such discovery might fling her back into misery. Her child she placed with some godly people, whom she pays for its support.

Lily is to-day a living power for God and a continual testimony to the saving strength of Christ.

"This is Christlike work," you say, sympathetically.

Yes it is. You may not be able to do it personally, but you may be able to help the devoted and self-sacrificing Rescue Officers of the Salvation Army do it.

And how? Self-Denial Week is coming on. Give your donation willingly and as large as you can. Deny yourself of something that will make you feel the sacrifice, and so teach you to enjoy the real pleasure of giving.

Sixteen dollars a year will support a girl in the Rescue Home. Sixteen dollars to save a girl from the streets. Sixteen dollars to win a soul back to God and goodness. Can you find a better investment for your money?

What will YOU do during Self-Denial Week? SOPH.

"I do not care." You do not? Be sure that you get those words in the right connection.

## TWO PICTURES.

## A Self-Denial Story.

By MAJOR SOUTHALL.

The thought expressed in these few lines was suggested to my mind some little time ago while thinking of our greatest annual effort, and which is now before us again. Study these pictures carefully:

No. I.—Corinth, the beautiful.

No. II.—Phillipi, the poor.

Artist.—The world's greatest Apostle.

## I.

You may draw closer. This is picture No. I.—Observe the sunny background, in which the special feature of the painting is set. Were that figure more comely, its golden settings would have presented a picture that would ravish the vision, and capture the admiration of angels in heaven and saints on earth. Alas! that the glittering groundwork should contribute to make the hideous monster, set out in ghastly relief, more horribly repulsive. If you can face the ordeal, look for a moment. See those eyes, rolling continuously in their hunt for greed. Note the sensuous gaping mouth. Mark the clinched hands of this stooping monstrosity, suggesting its main characteristic—"grab-all"—and suddenly you learn its name—"Covetousness."

Ah, Corinth! the pride of the world in thy day. Repository of that which was costliest and finest in arts—it remained for thee to give to succeeding generations of the race a picture, portraying that characteristic which had sunk many cities as opulent as thee into nothingness, and was destined to bring destruction upon thee.

## II.

Turn this way, please. This is picture No. II.—Observe the strangely sombre background in contrast with that of No. I. Poverty and hardship does not suggest a very pleasing ground for a picture—but wait. Look at the central picture, standing out in splendid relief—its beauty, like the opening petals of a lovely rose, keeps unfolding, and grows as you gaze upon it—so majestic, so symmetrical, so pure! Why it must be the portrait of an angel. See those eyes, how full of expression—in tenderness, in love for others. See those lips—as if breathing blessing upon every one. See those hands—extended, offering to all of what they possess. And now for the name. What is it? "Charity!"

Little, in the way of comment, is required from the hand of the poorest of novices. The master hand of the world's greatest word painter has presented the pictures before you. Study them for yourself. You will find the first in II Cor. viii. The other in Philippians iv. 10-23.

Let me finish by asking "In which picture are you most interested?" In which do you find the reflex of your own spirit, comrade, in the question of Self-Denial Week? We have heard of some whose plea has been OUR city, OUR town, OUR corps. This might have been the excuse of the Corinthians. (Stingy people are never hard up for excuses.) Corinth, as a city, or a church, could have bought up poor, unassuming Phillipi a hundred times. Nevertheless, when General Paul issued his Self-Denial appeal to the various corps on behalf of the struggling work in Jerusalem, and possibly for extending the work to other places, the Phillipian soldiers put their richer, but smaller-souled and selfish Corinthian comrades to shame—by contributing more liberally and cheerfully to the effort. There was no cavilling about the money going out of the town. So long as it was destined to carry inspiration to struggling comrades—wherever or whoever they may be—or send a ray of hope to those who were without God, and without hope they felt it a bounden duty on the one hand to give, and a glorious privilege on the other to be honored with the opportunity.

Who can measure the meaning of the words of Jesus when He said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto them, ye did it unto Me." Can you imagine what that Divine recognition will mean in that great day for those self-denying Philippians? Who knows what measure of blessing your gift, if given freely and cheerfully, will carry with it down here? You will know, at any rate, in that day when the soldiers of the first European corps shall hear the result of their Self-Denial.



"SUSPICIOUSLY HE LETS THE LIGHT OF HIS LANTERN FALL UPON IT—IT IS ONLY A FALLEN GIRL WITH HER CHILD."

## GAZETTE.

## CORRECTION.

The following two items were gazetted wrongly last week:

ENSIGN FITZPATRICK to be Ensign in charge of Kamloops Corps and District.

Cadet-Lieutenant Jones to be Lieutenant at Vancouver Shelter.

## PROMOTIONS—

Adjutant Geo. Burditt, of Montreal I. to be Staff-Captain.

Adjutant Wilfred Creighton, of T. H. Q., to be Staff-Captain.

Ensign McGill, of Dawson City, to be Adjutant.

Ensign Ethel Kerr, of St. John I. N. B., to be Adjutant.

Captain Ward, of Montreal II., to be Ensign to Barrie Corps and District.

## APPOINTMENTS.

Adj. Wiggins, of Lisgar St., to Lindsay Corps and District.

Adj. Moore, to Lisgar St. Corps.

Adj. Byers, to New Glasgow Corps and District.

Adj. DesBrisay, to Lippincott Corps and Garrison.

Adj. Scarr, to Bracebridge Corps and District.

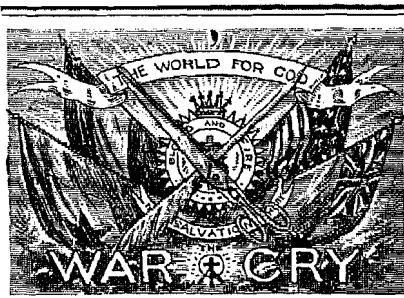
Ensign Attwell, to Barrie Corps and District.

Ensign Jennings, to Moncton Corps and District.

Ensign Ebsary, to Houlton, Me.

Ensign Edwards, to St. John Provincial Headquarters.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,  
Field Commissioner.



## Our Grand Old Man.

In glancing over the appointments of our beloved General, one marvels at the unflagging activity and zealous courage of this veteran warrior, who, at the age of nearly three score and ten, undertakes such campaigns, that must by the numerous public engagements and the vicissitudes of ocean voyage, and other forms of travelling, entail a great expenditure of physical and mental strength. The General has just crossed over to Holland for a ten days' engagement, to lead off the Winter Campaign in that Territory.

On his return four or five series of meetings in different parts of the British Field, will keep him fully employed until the "Two Days with God," in Exeter Hall, London, Nov. 28th and 29th. On the 15th of January the General will set sail for Australia, this being his third visit to that part of his parish. He will return for the Old Land from Victoria on or about April 30th. Let us pray daily that God may increasingly bless his labors and may yet spare him to be our triumphant leader for many years to come.

## Promotions.

The recent promotions of four old and tried comrades will doubtless be sincerely appreciated by our rank and file, since they include officers who have seen service in the far East as well as the farthest West. We welcome Adjts. Creighton and Burditt as Staff-Captains. With the additional responsibility added to the Financial Department through a partial rearrangement of the book-keeping at our Shelters and Provincial Headquarters, Staff-Capt. Creighton's position will be a responsible one. The newly-created Adjutants are Ensign Kerr and En-



Territorial Headquarters,  
Toronto, Ont.

October, 1898.

My dear Officers and Soldiers,—

I find my heart impatient to drop on to paper some words to you through the medium of the Cry, respecting our God-honored and blessed annual effort--Self-Denial.

The rumbling of the wheels of preparation for this war have been for some days sounding in my ears, and by the time this letter is in your hands it will be the all-absorbing topic of every loyal Officer, Soldier and child in our ranks. This day while working out some plans in connection with this effort my own heart has been newly touched by an exceptionally keen realization of the value of its agency. What precious blessings it has brought to the souls of those who have been more strictly responsible for its operations, rebinding us by freshly spoken vows to Calvary and its cause, and teaching lessons which have made us better saviours of men. What hundreds and hundreds of sinners, the darkest, the worst, the lowest, it has gathered by the means of its far-reaching arms into the Kingdom of God. All the literature ever printed by the Army would not hold the stories told of the definite blessings gained during our Self-Denial week, apart from those reaped consequent to the financial assistance it has brought.

But of this I need not remind you. You know it all. It has made you to put into the endeavor some of the hardest toil, hottest love, fervent prayer and concentrated thought of your experience, and for this, my brave comrades, in the name of God, my General, and the needy, in my deepest heart I thank you as words can never express. But in this approaching Self-Denial I am looking for you to take a yet more valiant stand. You must be one with me in my ambition to make its climax to surpass any victory yet achieved; one with me in my desire to rebrighten "the helmet of Salvation" and "breast-plate of righteousness" right through the ranks, and so give the war in this country in every respect a distinct push forward, I know you too well to fear your being behind or being slack in red-hot endeavor to do your utmost to reach the mark. I feel certain you will do your whole share as allotted you by God. I will do mine. These opportunities are so precious, time is so short—at the longest it is but as a span, but that span may grasp an eternity of blessing to ourselves and to others. It can be so with your life, and God will help you to make it so with the lives of others.

Exceptional thought, prayer and time has been given to the organizing of plans for the effort, and I would say to each of my precious Soldiers, the more strictly you adhere to instructions, the greater success Self-Denial will be at your Corps. The Lord will be with you; He will meet by virtue of the sacrifice of His own Son your every need. Seek Him! Have faith in Him, and go forward remembering that as my God-given charge I love you, and I trust you.

Yours to lead the way,

*Evangeline Booth*



# SWEET SIXTEEN.

The Sixteenth Anniversary a Thing of the Past—Its Mighty Blessings and Inspirations, However, Live on—Officers and Soldiers will Carry Them to all Parts of the Territory—  
The Field Commissioner Marvellously Upheld by God's Loving Arm.

They are gone—gone!  
Who, which is gone?

The Staff Officers, the Field Officers, the Social Officers, the soldiers and friends, the councils, the public meetings, the Soldiers' Assembly, the rush, the hustle, the excitement—all these have passed away, but burning verities uttered by our beloved leader, the sound advice given, the precious council received, the definite blessings obtained and the inspirations that have thrilled our souls are still ours. Ours—not only to make us stronger within ourselves—but chiefly to make us mightier in the warfare to which we have consecrated our lives.

Many of our hard-working comrades, who have toiled for many months against tremendous odds with but little encouragement from their fellow-men, had looked forward with great anticipations to these meetings, neither have they been disappointed.

It appeared, nevertheless, as if disappointment would be inevitable. As already fully explained in our last issue, the untiring commander of this Territory on the very eve of these gatherings, was laid aside with acute suffering. The doctor gave practically no hope of her being able to do the meetings, but our leader's indomitable will and her knowledge of what far-reaching consequences were staked on these gatherings, made her superior to all physical deficiencies. When the doctors heard of what meetings our beloved Commissioner led, he expressed it as his sincere conviction, that nothing but a "superhuman power" could have enabled her to accomplish it.

Our comrades who had come up to our Territorial Jerusalem, went away with the radiance of Divine blessing visible in their very countenances. Thank God for the irresistible example of the Field Commissioner, who has again been the channel of the Almighty's message to thousands during the past week.

## Soldiers' Council.

Lippincott looked its best. Glancing down upon its breathing sea of human faces it seemed veritably alive with Salvation enthusiasm. For typical Army excitement, a soldiers' council cannot be equalled, and on this Anniversary occasion the tide of interest and white hot feeling ran high. All the local luminaries of Toronto corps, with many bright and shining lights from more distant battlefields, had gathered and by the time that the pent-up fervor found outlet in the rousing opening song, things seemed shaping for a salvation blaze.

Much craning of neck and tip-toeing of feet followed by a spontaneous outburst of thunderous clapping, announced the arrival of the Field Commissioner. Most, if not all of those present, knew of the severe sickness which had threatened to debar them from the privilege of seeing and hearing her, and the eyes of tender soldier women and stalwart soldier men grew moist as they watched the pale smiling face of their leader come slowly up the aisle. When she reached the platform the cheering spent itself in a prolonged volley. The Field Commissioner's special love for and interest in her rank and file is by this time well known and well reciprocated.

The meeting reached high-water mark. Those influential soldiers' meetings which the Commissioner conducted in the city some little time back, were in a sense the forerunners of this united council, and had, there is no doubt, created no small anticipation for it. The Commissioner has a high ideal of what such a meeting must realize, and devoted her very best to carry her ideal out.

The Commissioner's address was a masterpiece of force and skill. More than that, it was singularly suitable to the crowd of men and women before her. With bated breath they looked into the ghastly realities of Nero's demoniacal reign—then they turned their eyes upon their own surrounding circumstances and discovered what-

With admiration they discerned the unassailable purity and in vulnerable force characterizing the life of the greatest Apostle, and then with irresistible turning of the tables their eyes went inwards to discover if the flower of their own character shone brightest amidst what of gloom shadowed their own lot. The Commissioner's graphic descriptions were only second to her astonishing applications. Ambition to flow the high ideal she showed them leapt up very soon—resolve to then and there have done with all weights and hindrances came in like a flood.

The penitent form was soon cleared and filled. Conscientious hearts poured out stories of confession and made quick consecration there. It was late—very late—when the last of them claimed victory through the Blood, and Brigadier Pugmire, whose infectious enthusiasm had held the reins in the prayer meeting, shouted "The Bishop of Newfoundland will close." P.

## The Officers' Councils.

The councils for officers were conducted by the Commissioner personally, in the Lippincott St. barracks. There were about 300 in all present. The Field Officers met in five sessions: Tuesday morning and afternoon, and Wednesday morning, afternoon and evening. Thursday morning the Commissioner met the Staff Officers.

The Field Commissioner's appearance on Tuesday morning was greeted with a prolonged clapping of hands, stamping of feet and ringing volleys. The Commissioner was much moved by this genuine expression of deep and sincere affection of her loved officers, and a ocean of sympathetic waves seemed to develop and hallow the assembly.

Somewhat pale, but with sparkling eye, Miss Booth rose to her feet, and, although her voice was rather uncertain at the beginning, it soon resumed its old well-known ring and strength.

"Don't be anxious about me, my dear officers," she remarked, "I shall not run any unnecessary risks. Although I have suffered severely, and feel still somewhat trembling yet, I felt confident right through the days that I was forced to keep my bed, that, if I once found my feet, I would be able to keep them."

The Field Commissioner continued her opening remarks by saying, that she was anxious every officer should have a better and larger idea of HOW MUCH God was willing to give to the creature. If each officer would go back to their corps more than ever in touch with heaven, what wonders would be wrought.

The study of the Bible was urged, for the Bible was the best lamp in the dark and the best guide in the light; the more it is read, the more prized it will be.

The power of unity and co-operation was masterly illustrated, and earnestness and holy ambition strikingly depicted as the great factors of an effectual soul-saver's carrier.

## "Not Slothful in Business."

was the guiding thread throughout the exposition of the momentous matters of salvation business, touching such main points as: The Penitent Form, Soldier-making, Backsliders, the War Cry, and other schemes of importance.

Each of the themes mentioned was treated with the utmost practical consideration and in an immensely spiritual manner. The most exemplary attention was given to the Field Commissioner, and every officer exercised all the powers of his intellect and soul to master the subjects dealt with.

During the afternoon session, on Wednesday, the Chief Secretary reviewed the year's advances and special features, mentioning the following topics:

- The General's visit.
- The Klondike Expedition.
- The Officers sent to other Territories.
- The Spiritual Work proper—mentioning the increase in soldiers, prisoners,

- The Junior Work.
- The Rescue Work among women.
- The Men's Social Work.
- The Industrial Farm.
- The Property.

The Colonel fittingly chose the lines of the song, "We have conquered in times that are past," as his text. There were many accomplishments to cheer us on the way. We are apt amid the rush of the immediate business that engages our attention constantly, to forget what has been won; therefore, a short halt, to recall past triumphs, will often inspire us with fresh zeal and courage for future battles.

## With Hearts and Hands United.

We must not omit to mention, that the text read by the Field Commissioner at the opening session contained the key-note of the councils: "Is thine heart with mine heart? If it is give me thine hand." We believe all our hearts from the Colonel down to the youngest Cadet were with our heroic leader in all her plans to better push the claims of the Kingdom.

"Now here's my heart and here's my hand  
To push the war throughout the land,"

was sung with heart and might by all; these councils will help us all to be better warriors of the conquering Christ.

The crowning time was the closing meeting on Wednesday. Scores will remember the occasion as the moment when they made a distinct advance in their personal experience.

A pleasing feature of the Staff Council was the Commissioner's announcement of several promotions:—Adjts. Creighton and Burditt to be Staff-Captains, and Ensigns McGill and Kerr to be Adjutants. These promotions were received with tremendous applause; all of these officers have seen many years of service in widely different parts of the Territory.

## Thursday Night.

Public Meeting in the Bond Street Congregational Church.

The barometer registered "cold" on Thursday, and at the time the open-air commenced a frosty wind hurried the people along the almost deserted streets. The officers and soldiers had divided into three sections, holding separate open-air meetings on different street corners just off Yonge St. The Staff Band marched from the Temple, and their return route was so arranged that the three groups were picked up in turns, and united in one long procession up Yonge St. to the splendid Bond St. Church.

This edifice was well filled with a representative audience who stayed well, listened attentively, and also gave splendidly when the collection was taken up.

Colonel Jacobs opened the service by giving out the swinging song,

"My soul is now united to Christ, the Living Vine."

The Staff Band played well and the singing was taken up heartily. Solos by Mrs. Major Hargrave and Capt. Downey were sung impressively, the last-named officer accompanying herself on the guitar.

The Field Commissioner's subject had been announced to be "Uncovered." The passage was selected from the fifty-second chapter of Isaiah, verse 10, "The Lord hath made bare His holy arm in the eyes of all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of God."

For over an hour pointed truths, red-hot utterances, inspirational reasoning in matters Divine, forceful exhortations and compassionate pleadings fell with power upon the people, who with bated breath listened to and drank in the earnest, passionate eloquence of the Field Commissioner.

## "Grace is like a flowing river,"

was not only sung, but felt, like a mighty force rushing down upon the congregation.

Brigadier Pugmire with earnestness took hold of the prayer meeting, and kept faith alive with song and prayer, till one after another made their way to the altar to take hold of the bare arm of our God for the salvation of their soul.

"Here comes the eighth, where is the ninth?—Here is the ninth. Say Hallelujah!" and responding to the Brigadier's request a loud "Hallelujah!" rang through the vaulted church.

"Here is the tenth," and still they came until it was near the midnight hour when that memorable meeting was brought to a close.

"Miss Booth simply surpassed herself." "Excellent, I have never listened to a sermon that took hold of me like the one I have heard to-night." "Miss Booth, your address has been an inspiration to me, I shall preach it over the best way I know how." (This from a minister.) These are some of the numerous remarks overheard in passing.

## WINGED WORDS Of the Field Commissioner.

Faith will not thrive in an impure heart.

The ruling principle of development is use.

System makes a crowd one, and one a crowd.

System makes numbers, but it does not depend on them.

Inactivity will kill anything—plant, animal, senses, or creature.

I believe the very foundation of Heaven rocks when a soul backslides.

Set a prize on the fish you catch; it will help you better to look after them.

Wen don't want a man on his face in the dust, but on his feet with the sword.

Christ did not call indolence into His apostleship. He selected them from the diligent.

Paul's care for his converts can only be compared to that of a tender mother for her infants.

Lack of confidence is often taken for humility. We want the latter, but by no means the former.

Appeal to the poor side of a man and he will strike at you; appeal to the good side of him and he will shine back at you.

Responsibility puts weight upon a man that calls out all the best traits of his character to rise up and stretch out to bear it.

Where there is careful diligence applied to duty, things come out all right—where there is careless negligence things come out all wrong.

All Calvary's darkness, all the blood shed by Jesus, was the price paid for the salvation of the least of the souls that knelt at our penitent farm.

Time is only a detail of eternity—eternity's smallest fraction—but time decides eternity; so the details of our work will decide our life's triumph or defeat.

Do for your corps what we at Headquarters do for the Territory—plan, turn, arrange, fix, think and scheme until each man is engaged in some work for which he the most fitted.

Jacob's deception came back upon him every step of the way; his salary was reduced ten times, and he had to serve fourteen years for a wife, as well as under a hard and severe master his uncle Laban.

## AFTERMATH OF THE ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS.

The immediate practical result of the recent councils are already noticeable by the reports which have reached us of last Sunday's meetings in the Toronto City Corps.

Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin, Major and Mrs. Hargrave and Capt. Welch report excellent meetings afternoon and night at Richmond St. Splendid crowds, good collections, and, best of all, THREE good cases of conversion at night.

Yorkville corps had a glorious day, and the excellent total of NINE souls out to the penitent form for salvation, some of them having been holding back for years. Hallelujah!

Adj. Moore has just taken charge of Lisgar St., and received there a warm welcome. The Corps Correspondent reports extraordinary meetings all day. Soldiers have been inspired with new zeal, and a backslider returned at night.

The Temple was not behind in their meetings. A blessed day was experienced with six souls in the Fountain

## HOBOISM.

The Way Into It and Out of It,  
Experienced and Explained by  
J. T. T.

A TRAMP is a man always on the move, who will not under any consideration work, and for that reason he can not stay anywhere, but would probably not move either if not compelled to. A "hobo" may be a man who later on becomes a tramp, but he will work, at least in spells; when he is not working he is drinking, and when he has no more to drink, he travels. He works in order to be able to drink, and when through drinking he is compelled to travel, because the place where he drops his earnings, as a rule, is not where the drunken hoboes are employed. Most of them get their start and training in the saloons and later on the same places become their hunting and camping ground, and without saloons and whiskey, it would be difficult for them to either start or finish. I got started in Chicago, not in fancy, but in deed, and here is the way it came about. I had a good position, steady work, fair wages, and a host of friends, and all went on well for a while, but by degrees saloons got to be

### Places that I Could Not Pass,

and after I got in, it was a hard job, either for myself, or anybody else to get me out again, and when I did get out I was not much good for anything. It did not take long before I saw that moderation had gone to the wind, and as a drunkard I was just bringing

A hundred miles, more or less, did not make a great deal of difference, fare was no object, because I had none. There were three ways of travelling—the "rods," the "side-door Pullman," and the "blind baggage." The first was the one most resorted to, because it was the surest, if not the safest, after we got in there, and the train well started, nobody could get at us. The "side-door," or box-car, I did not use except there was plenty of time, for it had several drawbacks. For instance, a brakeman may appear on the scene at any time, and then the first question would be:

"Where are you going?"

"To 'Frisco."

"Got any stuff?"

"Naa."

"Well then you hit the ground, and be quick about it, too." Sometimes it was either fight or obey, and when a train was moving fast the ground feels hard, when you strike it from the door of a box-car. The "blind baggage" was the platform of a baggage coach that had no door out of it, hence the name of blind, but it was to play hide and seek with the trainman continually, and to be on the

### Look Out for the Police

in the cities, jumping off and on at every station, it was very tiresome. Outside of these three general ways, there was chances that circumstances provided that can not very well be described.

The summer I used to spend up north, and the winter down south, because most of the time I didn't have clothes enough to flag a handcar with, and was fitted out just about right for tropical weather. As to buy any clothes anywhere near a saloon, I soon gave that up, it could not be done.

there, with a physician and remedy afar off, probably to be reached and obtained, probably not, with no other hope than to live, reaching for but never able to grasp the remedy, and when dying it may still be in the distance. That did not help me much, only to feel miserable, and I soon found that of misery I had plenty without religion, and later on it was plain to me, that there was no kind of religion that would fit into the life of a drunken "hobo." There may be for those that give and them that possess the license to start him up and keep him at it, and to my notion they will need lots of it by-and-bye, too. But infidelity, under the grand name of "free-though," that fitted and suited exactly. The only trouble was that

### Freethought did not Bring About Free Action,

but with it I was sinking deeper and deeper into slavery. There was lots of drawing, but no lifting power in it.

Through my wanderings, and through these people, looking for and seeking for the likes of me, I very often came in collision with the Salvation Army, and at last, thank God, through them I found a Saviour, that was able to bring about a complete revolution in my life. Hoboism, drunkenness, uncertainty, darkness and despair, wanderings and discontent, in one single hour, it all exploded and vanished for ever, and every chain and fetter was broken, and the light and freedom, peace and contentment of my Almighty Redeemer flooded my miserable darkened heart and life. There I found power to life me up out of the most horrible pit man ever was in; power to resist, power to trample on environments, and to live above circumstances, and power to keep me going upward and heavenward.

## SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, to  
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.

What will YOU do to Help?

## The Devil's Penny-in-the-Slot

W. C. D.

It is said the man who invented the original penny-in-the-slot box, made a fortune out of it. Its merit lies in its handiness. Your penny is in it before you know it. It meets you at every corner and stopping place. Wherever men congregate, there is the inviting little slot, with its promise of something sweet. Just big enough to take in a penny. Everything so easy; and so the pennies drop in all day long.

And the devil works his little game in the same way. He plants the saloon on every available corner. At every turn there is the seductive Gin Palace. He has made it handy to get a drink. Wherever men congregate, there is the gilded palace or convenient resting place, that proves to be only one of the many mouths of the Pit of Woe!

Satan all day long gathers in the pennies and deals out the drinks. "Old Rye" stands upon his head most of the day and night, and empties out the fiery draught containing the "headaches," the "blues," and the "snakes;" the rags, the heartaches, and the despair.



ANY so-called Christians, when faced with the needs of the war chest, exclaim, "Money again—always begging!" Now, contrast the feelings of these people when there is any great popular national war on foot. Then what do they say to their statesmen? "You must ask for grants. You must not stick fast for money. We must win. John Bull must not be beaten for a few millions."

Ah, ah! their HEARTS are in that warfare. The women would sell their ornaments, and the men would hand over their balances, rather than England's freedom or greatness should be sacrificed.

Now, then, I say that if Christians had the true War spirit, which says, "I want the world for Christ Jesus—I want my King to reign over the hearts of men; He shall win, be it at the cost of money, or blood, or all else." If this spirit possessed them, instead of begrudging and reckoning how little they could give, and how much would save appearances, they would try how far they could deny themselves.

MRS. GENERAL BOOTH.

sorrow and disgrace on to myself and friends; I made up my mind that before I would do that I would get away to spend my miserable existence amongst people that knew me not. So in order to raise money to get away, I sold everything that would bring money, and everything that I could possibly get along without, as well as something that ordinary people can't get along without. To make the job complete I went out and got drunk on that money, and spent the last cent of it in whiskey, and then I was ready to, and did start.

I shall perhaps never find time to relate the hardships, escapes, and incidents that followed for many a dark year. It would fill a book as big as my Bible. It was work at anything for a time, then take the profit to the nearest publican that would take good cash for bad whiskey, and

### They were Always Handy.

After I had got as much poison, headache and trouble as there was in the whiskey that my money could buy, then it would be time to look around for another job, which, as a rule, would lay away out on the frontier, or a wilderness somewhere, where men were badly wanted and no questions asked.

## SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, to  
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.

What will YOU do to Help?

I used to make a "stake" in the summer to take me down south, and another one in the winter to take me back again, but they never took me either one way or the other, only just took me into trouble, in the first place where that was sold in the shape of whiskey, and I was left to beat and battle my way through without a stake.

In this way I kept on travelling, working, drinking, and travelling again, in and through over thirty different States, a stranger among strangers, alone amongst thousands, knowing what was right and doing what was wrong, hating myself for my own doings, whipped along by passions that had crushed my own will; no rest, but

### Hellish Fires of Vice

and passion burning inside, and stamping me with the marks of sin outside. Alcohol started me and kept me going; it made me work in summer and winter in ice and snow, as well as under a burning sun. It made me risk my very life hundreds of times, made me go hungry for days, made me sleep many a night in summer and winter, with no other cover than the wind, frost, and clouds of the air, to face the day again with a head almost bursting with pain and limbs shivering as if they would part. It has multiplied the sorrows that I tried to drown in it, and put a gulf, that can never be bridged in this world, between me and those that was dearest to me on earth, and only for a Saviour that saves to the uttermost, would be the ruling, consuming and burning power of my life to-day and forever.

I started out in life with a religion that made me feel and believe that I was a condemned sinner, and left me

### A Cottage Meeting.

Friday, 21st, quite a nice little company started out to hold a parlor meeting at Mr. Jones', Eglington. Unfortunately it was a very wet night and very dark. Notwithstanding this, the wet did not drown out the courage nor pleasure of the party. Everyone smilingly made up their mind to be a blessing to the people who could come to the meeting. We had a real good time. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Bro. Ibbotson and his very interesting family of five girls sang and played. I thought it was very beautiful to see this family consecrated to God's service, going from place to place cheering the hearts of discouraged ones by their songs and music. Brigadier Complin and Adj. Manton sang a duet about John 11. 16, everyone joining heartily in the chorus. Several testified to the goodness of God in saving their souls and bringing them out of bondage into freedom. We all proved that our happiness did not depend upon the weather, but our fellowship with saints and communion with God. We took up a collection and rejoiced to find over \$3 on the plate.—Adj. Manton.

"MANY WILL ENTER THE WEEK WHO WILL NOT BE WITH US AT ITS CLOSE, AND MANY MORE WILL HAVE PASSED AWAY BEFORE NEXT SELF-DENIAL WEEK COMES. MAKE SOME SACRIFICES—WHILE YOU CAN."—Mrs. Bramwell Booth.

The pennies that ought to go to buy the little shoes and frocks, and the nourishing food for the famished wife, are stolen by Satan's "Old Rye" trap. Even the shoes of the dead baby have been pawned and dropped into that old deceiver's mouth!

Only Jesus can save from the power of the devil's slot-box. The right prayer is the cry of the sinking Peter, "Lord, save me!" And as quickly as Peter was helped by the strong arm of Jesus, so quickly will the same come to every one who trusts and cries for deliverance. Jesus can destroy the craving for drink and the pipe in a moment.

He will forgive the sins of the penitent heart as well, and banish the headaches, and the blues, and the snakes, and give "beauty for ashes," and the "oil of joy" for mourning, and the "garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

Hear the voice of Jesus speaking to you to-day, brother. "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes, cease to do evil, learn to do well. Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins were as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, and though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. If ye are willing and obedient ye shall eat of the good of the land; but if ye refuse and rebel ye shall be devoured with the sword: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

"The SPIRIT and the BRIDE say COME, and HE that HEARETH, let him say COME, and HE that is THIRSTY, let him COME; HE that WILL, let him TAKE the water of life FREELY!"





## CHAPTER V.

## Hope's Birth.

"Those new desires that in you burn,  
Were kindled by His grace."

Rudolf awoke.

It was after the sleep into which he had fallen when the Captain had pulled him out of the gutter, as described in the first chapter.

Two hours of undisturbed rest had somewhat sobered him. He swung around the edge of the platform into a sitting position, and with his head between his hands considered his whereabouts. He had been so used to waking up out of a drunken sleep in all sorts of places, that it ceased to be a novelty to him to find himself in a strange building. He made, however, some effort to gather his wits and concentrate his sluggish memory to find his bearings. Where was he?

His mild perplexities were ended by the sound of a key turning in the lock, and the Captain entering. Upon the sight of the uniform, Rudolf started.

"Great goodness!" he exclaimed, "have I been in the Salvation Army barracks all this time? Why, my reputation is gone!"

"Never mind your reputation, my man; it would be a blessing if it was gone. It is time you lost it and made a new one. Come along over and have some supper with me." So spoke the Captain.

Rudolf looked up, hardly knowing how to take this offer, but finally he accepted and replied, "All right, I am with you old boy; but you must give me a stiffener, for I'm shaky."

The Captain promised, and fulfilled the promise by making a strong cup of tea that evening, to steady his trembling constitution, and also gave him a fair meal, although Rudolf could eat but little. Afterwards he took him to the meeting. The poor, despised, laughed-at Man in the Moon, had only been used to cuffs and kicks and ill-treatment—the very children made sport of him—that it was difficult for him to understand the kind and considerate treatment given him that afternoon and evening.

Why, nobody had walked down the street by his side for many years past—except it be the policeman—that he hardly believed the truth. He felt somewhat bashful and suddenly noticed his ragged clothing, as he had never before.

When a drunkard, or any other bad man, again feels the flush of shame mantling his cheeks, you can take it as an unfailing sign that the morning star of Hope has risen in the dark night of his soul.

Although Rudolf's befogged intellect could hardly "take in the situation" properly, the rays of love were surely inducing the seeds of love to sprout in his heart.

He sat patiently all through the meeting that night, although its soothing effect was worn off after the first part, and it was rather too much for him to take in. But partly could he understand the meaning of all that took place, but some of the testimonies given by former acquaintances touched a responsive chord in him, and gave him sufficient light to make his spiritual darkness visible to him.

True charity—true love in action—had awakened in him a desire to be different from what he was—to be better—and although the desire was but weak, the Captain—wise in these things—saw it and determined to feed it and fan it to a flame.

## CHAPTER VI.

## Salvation.

What a sinner I have been,  
What a Saviour I have seen,  
How He saved me from my sorrow and my woe;  
And when lost to all around,  
My Redeemer then I found,  
And His pardoning love and mercy now I know.

On the following morning Rudolf awoke with a burning thirst in his throat, nay, in his bones. He made an honest effort to quench it with water, but that would not answer. Every morsel of his flesh cried for strong drink.

joy had noticed a slight change in his behaviour, tried to hold him back, but the very fact of her effort aroused the demon in him. With an oath he shook her off and staggered down the street.

But conscience also had awakened from a long slumber and made her voice heard, although but feebly. Rudolf was actually ashamed to go down the main street, and he entered a saloon from the rear. The bar-tender was about to kick him out, when a "flush" customer, who was treating the crowd, saw him and called him up for a drink.

The devil must have paid special attention to the bird that made an effort to escape the net, for Rudolf had a series of "good ricks"—as he termed it—that day.

In a number of saloons he was treated, and he was about dead drunk when he passed the open-air that night.

The Captain was quick to spy him, and to notice his condition. There was something telling him that he ought to look after Rudolf as his special charge. While one of the soldiers testified, he whispered a few directions to the Lieutenant, who made off after the Man in the Moon, captured him with a little tact, and took him to the officers' quarters, where he put him to sleep, locked the door and went off to the meeting.

It happened, however, that Rudolf did not sleep sound. He was not drunk enough for that. About nine o'clock he arose and tried the door to find it locked. He had not sufficient strength to burst the feeble lock, therefore, after some thought, he tried the window which opened into the yard.

Rudolf evidently forgot to look, for without hesitation he climbed upon the

no means to pay for his nursing otherwise.

It was a hard time for Rudolf as well as a hot time.

Drink, of course, was out of the question, and he suffered tortures.

Occasionally the Captain would talk to him about his soul, and urge him to seek salvation.

After two weeks had passed since the accident, Rudolf seemed a different man. His mind had become more active, and the care and love shown to him by the officers, had thawed out his frozen emotions.

One night, as the Captain prayed with him, Rudolf said, "Do you really think, Captain, that God will forgive me for all my sins. They have been marching past my view in ever returning circles, and things I had forgotten have risen again in my memory. I have sinned against God, against wife and children, and against myself."

"Yes, it is for sinners Jesus died; He waits to save you," replied the Captain.

"But will He save me from the curse of drink?"

"He can, and will, if you let Him."

"O God, have mercy on a wretch like me," cried the broken-hearted man, and with piercing sobs, wept for the first time for many years past.

That night, after a great struggle, the light of God came into his dark life, and he claimed the salvation of God.

Although late, his wife was sent for. She came with swift, glad feet, and there was a re-uniting of the two hearts and lives, so long lost to each other. They laughed and cried—in turns. The officers thought they heard an echo of strange harmonies coming from the sky.

(To be continued.)

As a first case, suppose we take the discovery of America. We will not stop to dispute who actually was the first man to seek out the El Dorado of the West, but we will take Columbus as our representative man. Every one is acquainted with the story of the anxious watchings, day after day, the threatened mutiny of the men, and then at last the welcome sight of land.

In those days, let it be remembered, there were no ocean steamers to cross the Atlantic in six days. It was no ocean steamer that Columbus was in. But he had an object before



CORPS AND OFFICERS OF REVELSTOKE, B.C.

window sill and let himself drop out.

Now, the officers were situated over a store, the window opened, fortunately, upon the roof of a kitchen built against the house. When Rudolf dropped on this roof he lost his balance and rolled down in the yard, striking his arm and leg against some bench standing against the kitchen. He felt a sharp pain and then became unconscious.

When the officers returned from the meeting they found their pretty bird had flown. The open window put them on his track, and soon they found the unconscious man in the yard.

A doctor was sent for at once; on his arrival he examined the drunken wretch and found the right leg broken and the arm fractured. The Captain offered his quarters for the accommodation of the patient, and word was

him; he had counted the cost, and he was prepared to pay the price. His embarking on such an undertaking meant of necessity a constant, daily, unceasing round of self-denial. Think of yourself at the present time, with all the traffic there is now on the ocean, crossing the water in a frail barque such as Columbus had, a few hundred tons' burden and a sailing boat to boot! It is very questionable whether you would be found willing to go at any cost under such circumstances. Then consider in addition to this, Columbus was sailing new seas, where no man had been before, a vast trackless main, and no knowledge except what he had from calculation as to what was in front of him. Would you be found to embark in such an undertaking, even in this advanced progressive nineteenth century?

Yet so it was America was discovered

## Revelstoke Testimonies.

BRO. CHRISTISONITH, the Hallelujah Teamster: "Thank God I have always a word to speak for Christ, and mean to prove faithful."

BRO. RAUSOM speaks of God's unchanging love, and hopes that it may never change in him.

BRO. ADAIR: "Praise God, because He has promised that, whosoever will may come. Some years ago I got converted in the Methodist Church in Ontario, and enjoyed a Christian's life until I came out West, where I fell among thieves and robbers. They robbed me of a Saviour's love. I thank God for the Salvation Army, and mean to stick to the Army and never run away."

SAVED BRAKEMAN (Bro. Smith): "I thank God because He has led me back to the fold and the Army. I am happy now and feel the old fire of Army warfare springing up in this frail body of clay, and mean, by God's grace, to plod along, always ready anything to do or dare to help the Army, and to lead sinners to repentance."

SMILING JOE (Bro. McCallum): "Thank God I ever joined the Army. I feel now that the influence I had before I got saved has kept lots of people from serving God, and might have led my loved ones to serve God had I started on this happy road before."

THE SAVED SCOTSMAN (Bro. Munroe): "Saved and kept by the grace of God; always happy and free. I intend to fight on to the end."

CANDIDATE WILLIS: "Thank God for ever sending the Army to Revelstoke. I feel my indebtedness to the Saviour for my redemption. With God's grace I will devote the rest of my life for the increasing of God's Kingdom, to repay the debt of love I own."

CANDIDATE LAWRENCE: "Praise God because the lost has been found. When I was away on the mountains of sin, the Good Shepherd brought me back again."

HAPPY TED (Bro. Toombs): "Thank God for the Salvation Army. I feel it my duty as a soldier to stand firm, always abounding in the work of the Lord. I have a happy home now, and no wonder, because I am saved. Hallelujah! At last I shall have a happy home in heaven."

SISTER TOOMBS: "Thank God that I ever gave Him my heart, and if I keep pressing on, I know that God will help me."

CAPT. BAILEY: "Thank God I am more than a conqueror through Him. I intend to never cease to warn sinners and tell them of Christ's unchanging love."

LIEUT. MEREDITH: "I rejoice daily in His power to keep me a conqueror. I am determined to push the battle to the very gates, and do all in my power to warn and lead souls to Christ."

## SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, to

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.

What will YOU do to Help?

## THE LEAGUE OF MERCY NEEDS YOUR HELP.

The League of Mercy visitors can make use of any current numbers of the War Cry, or any other Army publications in their work. Will comrades or friends send parcels of literature when read to the following officers and Mercy League Sergeant-Majors:—

TORONTO Ont.—Mrs. Brigadier Gaskin, S. A. Temple  
LONDON Ont.—Mrs. Major Southall, Clarence st.  
HAMILTON Ont.—Mrs. Captain Dodge, Rebecca st.  
MONTREAL Que.—Mrs. Symington, 256 University st.  
GUELPH Ont.—Mrs. Dawson.  
VICTORIA B. C.—Mrs. Captain Lacey.  
ST. JOHNS Nfld.—Ensign Tovell, 28 Cook st.  
WINNIPEG Man.—Mr. Habbirk.  
HALIFAX N. S.—Ensign Beckstead, 49 Hollis st.  
ST. JOHN, N. B.—Adjutant Jost, 65 Elliot Row.  
FREDRICKTON, N. B.—Captain Bishop. (Ave.  
SPOKANE, Wash.—Adjutant Langtry 732 Fourth  
HARBOR GRACE, Nfld. Mrs. Whitman.  
OTTAWA, Ont. Mrs. Webber, Salvation Army.

or send addresses of those having periodicals to dispose of to Mrs. Brigadier Read, League of Mercy Secretary, Toronto Temple.

Any one desiring friends in hospitals visited, or any one whom they are interested in in prison, write to Mrs. Read, 28 Cook st., Toronto, sending stamp for





ENSIGN CUMMINS,  
North-West Province.

Hurrah! Hats off to Bro. McGill, of Winnipeg, he brings up a beautiful total of \$30.75. Who beats this? This Agent works night and day, and has only odd moments in which to do his collecting. He loves his work. God bless him.

Next comes that spry young man, J. H. Middaugh, of Moose Jaw. With a total of \$21.57, who practices self-denial in order to assist poor Lazarus. God will reward him.

Morden comes, by virtue of its noble works, into 3rd position, with a total of \$8.11. Very near \$2 better than last quarter. Well done, good and faithful servants.

Portage la Prairie lost her laurels of third by 1c., not much either. It takes a noble 4th position, with an increase of \$3 over last quarter.

Fort William, I welcome you to 5th position and indeed you deserve it. Mrs. G. Smith worked hard and comes up with \$7.60. May you go on to greater victories.

And Edmonton, away up in the frozen north, comes up with \$7.20, only 40c. behind Fort William. I am sure that Sister McKay will do her best to surpass Fort William next quarter. You watch her.

Rat Portage brings up \$6. Very good, but a decrease on last quarter.

Virden must not be forgotten. Its worthy L.A. walks up with a neat \$5.12. Splendid, indeed. May prosperity attend your efforts.

Grafton does fine and walks in next with \$4.98. Beautiful, indeed.

Jamestown \$4.68, Valley City \$4.24, Brandon \$3.91, Lisbon \$3.70, Emerson \$3.42, Fargo \$3.42, Midway \$3.30. Kindly watch the big splash there is going to be among this batch next quarter.

Now come a few personal boxes which deserve mentioning. How is this? Ensign Cummins collected no less than \$11.73. Who can beat this in the Dominion?

Ensign Bailey follows. He brings up the worthy amount out of his box of \$2.75. How is this Field Officers and Staff Officers? Adj. Macnamara will make you look out, Ensign, this quarter; she has accepted your challenge.

Adj. Gale follows up with \$1.85. Beautiful, indeed. He loves Lazarus all right. Moose Jaw's L. A. is practical. He raised in his box \$3.35. Handsome!

Bro. Hewitt, of Minot, had \$2.11. Bro. J. Schram, of Moose Jaw, brought up \$2.05. Mrs. Sherris, Minnedosa, \$1.11. While Mrs. Chambers, of Fort William, drops in \$1.10, and the following brings up one dollar each: Mrs. McCarthy and Jack Green, Rat Portage; Mrs. R. Bigger, Port Arthur; Mrs. B. Lalantyne, Regina; Mrs. Terry and the officers quarters, Calgary; Mrs. Story and Mrs. Brisruham, of Edmonton. All of the above deserve a hearty God bless.

## Hamilton Anniversary.

Judging from the loud "Amens" and "Hallelujahs," the singing of "Roll the old chariot along," and the mention of Capt. Freer's name at the Army Citadel yesterday afternoon, at the Anniversary services, one might almost imagine himself in Larkin Hall, in October, 1882, when the Army opened fire in this city. The service took the form of a "war memories" meeting, and a goodly number of the first members of the early days spoke and made reference to Capt. Freer and wife, who opened the work here. The first newspaper report printed by the Times, about a column in length, on Monday, October 16th, 1882, was read by one of the bandmen and added much to the interest of the meeting.—Hamilton Times.

The Herald of the same date (Oct. 24th) had the following editorial in its pages:

### The Salvation Army.

Our friends, the Salvationists, have been celebrating the sixteenth anniversary of the beginning of their work in Hamilton. These sixteen years have been years of hard uphill work for the Salvationists—years not only of much toil and hardship, but of many and great discouragements. The Army workers have done a vast amount of good without getting the credit of it. Meay women and men have, through their instrumentality, been rescued from lives of shame and degradation and transformed into good citizens and good Christians—only to leave the Army and be drafted into the ranks of church membership when they tired of Army methods. It is a work of great self-sacrifice in which the Salvation Army is engaged. The Army people are recruiting officers for the churches—and as often as not they have to endure the scorn and criticism and ingratitude of the churches as well as the hostility of the devil's active forces. But they cheerfully accept the conditions and go on with their work, building but entering not in, sowing seed in order that others may reap the harvest, doing the dangerous and unpleasant duty as the advance guard of the church militant. They are brave soldiers of the Cross, are the Salvationists. We may smile at their methods, and sometimes regret their extravagance; but if real apostolic zeal and self-sacrifice and faith are alive in the church to-day, they are manifested in the daily lives and work of many who follow the Army colors.

### SMASH THE TRAPS.

The General recently told an anecdote which reveals the ruling principle of his work, and his sense of its recompense. A little girl whose older brother's lack of compassion for small creatures distressed her, injected this into her bedtime prayer:

"O Lord, don't let the little birds get into Robbie's trap in the garden. Please don't let them! Oh, I know they won't! They can't! Amen."

"Dolly," said her mother, "what makes you so certain?"

"Why, 'cause 'cause I went out in the garden and smashed the trap."

"We pray for souls threatened by the traps of Satan," said the General, "but that's not enough. We must smash the traps."



Self-Denial! By thunder! What



BAY ROBERTS.—On Monday night we had a very special meeting at the out post, Clark's Beach, held in Reformed Episcopal Church. We believe that many were convicted of sin. Ten souls for the week. Yours believing.—A. G. Brown, Capt.

CLARENVILLE, Nfld.—We are still alive here doing our best for God and souls. This week has been a week of blessing. Last Sunday night Cadet Moore said good-bye. He leaves for the Training Home. One recruit came in to take her place.—D. Moulton, Capt.

TILT COVE, Nfld.—What about the H. F. now? Well, it is just this: We had a blessed time, got out target—\$30. It looked quite a large thing for a little place, but we never can tell what we can do till we try. For two weeks we fought a hard battle. We prayed and begged and worked with all our might. Then after all was gathered in we found to our delight \$3 over the target. We also could praise God for ten souls in the Fountain. To God we give all the glory.—G. Cooper, Ensign.

ST. JOHNS I., Nfld.—In giving his testimony last Sunday, Capt. Lock, who is here from Toronto, reminded us of the little boy who, being asked if his father was a Christian, replied, "Yes, but he don't work at it." The Captain said, "You people are not like that, but you are Christians, and you work at it," which, thank God, is true. We are working and having victory. The new barracks is started, and officers and soldiers are busy to make it go. Last Sunday night twelve weary souls sought and found Jesus, and on Tuesday night THREE more came forward, making fifteen for the week.—Capt. Barry.

ST. JOHNS II., Nfld.—After an absence of more than six years, I have been my privilege to revisit one of my old battle grounds, Heart's Content. Many changes have taken place, and many have gone to their long home. There are a few faithful soldiers who are doing their best for God and souls, while there we had the joy of seeing SIX souls at the Mercy Seat. Captain Leggo, who is home resting, rendered good assistance, and was made happy in seeing her dear mother getting right with God. I returned home to-day and heard the glad news that THREE souls had surrendered to God at St. Johns II. Our motto for the Self-Denial Campaign is, "Take heed, fear not, neither be faint-hearted."—Annie Bezzo, Ensign.

CHANNEL.—Just a word to let the readers of the War Cry know we are part of the Salvation Army. Although about two hundred miles from any other corps on the Island, yet we are in for doing all we can to extend the Kingdom of our God. The past week we laid the foundation of a new barracks, and we are believing ere long Channel will be able to boast of a new building, which will mean a great blessing to the people, as the old building we now hold meetings in is in a very poor condition, besides being very small and not able to accommodate half the people that would like to come along to our meetings. With our few soldiers here, we are in for doing our best for God and the Salvation Army. The people love the Army, also the War Cry. We sell out every week.—Capt. E. Hiscock.

HARBOR GRACE, Nfld.—Thursday night a good crowd gathered at the barracks to witness the dedication of the infant son Sergt. Richard Ash. The child was dedicated by Ensign Kenway. The service was very impressive. We enjoyed an address given by our old friend, English Boggs, on "Change of circumstances." The subject is taken from the "Rich man and Lazarus." There was no visible results but we believe we reaped some of the fruits at the holiness meeting next night, when two souls came out to the penitent form. This week saw the launching of the Ward System, which we believe will give great victories for the Kingdom. Ensign Kenway not only works hard himself, but knows how to keep other people at work.—M. J. W., Reg. Cor.

It is wrong theology that will induce a man to travel farther to see his

## Gone to Heaven.

Margaret French.

On Tuesday last we laid at rest the body of our Sister, Margaret French. Although not able to attend meetings, being a cripple, she was a devoted, loyal Salvationist, also a true soldier of Jesus Christ. Lives like hers are very rare. It was always the "Kingdom first."

She was converted in a cottage meeting, led by a brother Salvationist from Toronto, formerly a native of Harbor Grace (William Courage). As she could not fight in the front of the battle, she asked the Lord to show her some way by which she could help to extend His Kingdom. The result was the cultivation of a few flowers, these finding a ready sale, the money was cheerfully devoted to the Rescue Work. Eternity alone will reveal the good that has been accomplished by this noble self-denying effort. As her body grew weaker under the ravages of that dread disease, consumption, she was sometimes urged to keep some of the money to supply herself with little delicacies, craved by her failing appetite; but her answer invariably was, "My flowers be'ong to God, and He shall have every cent of the money. I will trust Him to supply my wants." During the last illness she was visited by Christians of different denominations. One Presbyterian brother, speaking at her funeral, said, "I went to comfort and help her, but she helped me." Others testified to the same, that they always got cheered and helped by visiting her. She took such an interest, too, in the Army publications, the War Cry and All the World. When too feeble to read them herself, her brother would read them to her, thus she kept in touch with all that was being done. Her funeral was very solemn and impressive. During the service at the barracks, several spoke of her good life, and wondered who would take her place. If she, in her weakness, could do so much, what could not one possessing youth, health and strength, do, if they would only say, "Here am I, Lord, help me to follow her as she followed Christ?" It can truly be said of her, "She rests from her labors and her works do follow her."—M. W., J. S.-M.

Rosa McNelley.

During the past week it has been our sad duty to lay dear little Rosa to her last resting-place. For some weeks dear Sister McNelley has lavished a mother's most loving and tender care on her darling, but like a little flower she faded away. She was loved by all who knew her. A very impressive service was held both at the house and grave, where we all consecrated ourselves afresh to God and His service. It was a touching sight to see four of our little Juniors carry the small coffin to the grave.—A. Barber, Lieut., for Ensign Branigan.

### Major Collier will Visit:

Charlottetown, Wednesday, Nov. 9th.  
New Glasgow, Thursday, Nov. 10th.  
(United Officers' and Soldiers' Councils.)  
North Sydney, Friday, Nov. 11th.  
Glace Bay, Saturday, Nov. 12th.  
Sydney, Sunday, Nov. 13th.  
North Sydney, Monday, Nov. 14th.  
Officers and soldiers pray for these gatherings.

### G. B. M. Appointments.

ENSIGN COLLIER.—Watford, Nov. 11; Strathroy, Nov. 12, 13; London, Nov. 14; Stratford, Nov. 15; Mitchell, Nov. 16; Seaford, 17; Bayfield, Nov. 18; Goderich, Nov. 19, 20; Clinton, Nov. 21, 22; Wingham, Nov. 23; Wroxteter, Nov. 24; Brussels, Nov. 25; Listowel, Nov. 26, 27; Palmerston, Nov. 28; Drayton, Nov. 29, 30.

ENSIGN STAIGERS.—Bain, Mont., Nov. 11; Butte, Mont., Nov. 12, 13, 14; Dillon, Mont., Nov. 15, 16; Melrose, Mont., Nov. 17; Glendale, Mont., Nov. 18; Anaconda, Mont., Nov. 19, 20, 21; Burlington, Nov. 23; Whitehall, Nov. 24; Bozeman, Nov. 25, 26, 27; Livingston, Nov. 28, 29.

ENSIGN PERRY.—Freeport, Nov. 11-15; Words Harbor, Nov. 17; West Head, Nov. 18; Clark's Harbor, Nov. 19, 20; Yarmouth, Nov. 21.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.—Aurora, Nov. 10; Holland Landing, Nov. 11; Newmarket, Nov. 12, 13; Stroud, Nov. 14; Barrie, Nov. 15, 16; Orillia, Nov. 17; Coldwater, Nov. 18; Midland, Nov. 19, 20; Tesseract, Nov. 21; Gravenhurst, Nov. 22, 23; Bracebridge, Nov. 24; Barndsville, Nov. 25; Huntsville, Nov. Nov. 26, 27.

ENSIGN SIMS.—Ottawa, Nov. 10, 11; Arnprior, Nov. 12; Pembroke, Nov. 14; Renfrew, Nov. 15; Ottawa, Nov. 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.



**HESPELER.**—We are still on the winning side. Good meetings all day Sunday. ONE soul came to Jesus last night.—W. H., R. C.



MRS. J.  
ANDERSON.

G. B. M. Agent, of  
of Watford, Ont.,  
has forty G. B. M.  
boxes out in her  
town.

**OMEMEE.**—Praise God, since last report ONE soul has repented. We had Ensign Andrews with us on the 18th of Oct., and enjoyed his visit.—Reg. Cor.

**MORRISBURG.**—Thank God the war is still going on in Morrisburg. Good meetings all day Sunday. God came very near and blessed us.—Lieutenant Sleeth.

**SELKIRK.**—We are still on the war path. Crowds and collections keep up well. Praise God. The people of Selkirk are very kind, supplying all our needs.—Cadet Russell.

**BERLIN.**—Staff-Capt. Phillips and Capt. Liston were well received at the Army barracks yesterday. There was an increase of attendance and income.—"Berlin Record."

**DIGBY, N. S.**—We paid a visit to Sergt. and Mrs. Adams, at Bay View. Had a good tea and before leaving had some prayer and the Lord blessed us wonderfully.—S. D., R. C.

**LISBON, N. D.**—Capt. and Mrs. Westcott have farewelled and our new officers have arrived. We believe that God still lives and is able to give us victory.—Edna B. Bradley.

**VALLEY CITY.**—Officers were away to Fargo this week to councils. Soldiers held on alone. Efforts rewarded by ONE backslider returning to God. Hallelujah!—J. S. Flaws, Lieut.

**GRAVENHURST.**—The King of Glory has been with us all the week, and we have had good meetings. War Crys all sold out. Meeting in West Gravenhurst extra good.—F. T., Cor.

**HALIFAX I.**—We feel the Lord is with us, and blessing us to do His will. Good meetings Sunday. ONE soul for the blessing, and ONE for pardon. Hallelujah!—Treas. Casbin.

**VIRDEN, Man.**—We have welcomed to our midst Capt. Elliott, whom we believe has come to do his best to lead us on to victory. "Trusting Jesus we shall win."—Yours, W. McCue, Reg. Cor.

**PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.**—We have been reinforced this week by Lieut. Krelger, from Rat Portage Garrison, who has come to assist in building up God's Kingdom. ONE more soul this week, and more in pickle.—J. C. H.

**MINOT, N. D.**—Just home from the officers' councils at Fargo. Had a blessed time and am more than ever determined to fight hard and win precious souls for Jesus. We are delighted with the new War Cry. Feel proud of it.—G. Graham, Capt.

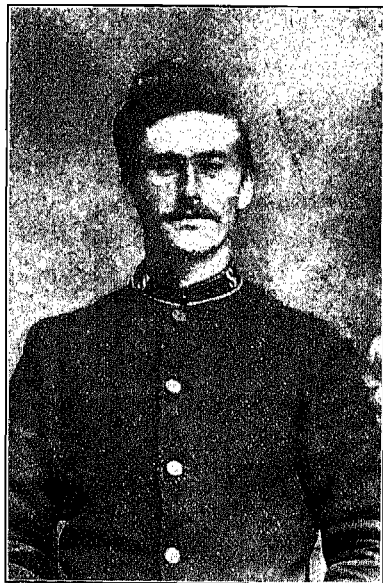
**MISSOULA, Mont.**—Beautiful week-end meetings. ONE backslider reclaimed. Hallelujah! Everybody is on the move. Best of interest manifested in both open-air and inside meetings. We are believing for greater things yet.—Alice Langill, Lieut.

**LAKEFIELD.**—Good meetings Saturday night and Sunday. Some wept on account of their sins but would not yield. We had Bros. Estinson and Redner, from Peterboro, who gave us a good lift. We have room for an officer when you can spare one.—Sergt.

**HOULTON.**—Ensign Perry was with us on Thursday night with his magic lantern. The service was entitled, "On the verge," and was much enjoyed by all who were present.—Emily White, Corps Cor.

**FARGO, N. D.**—Hallelujah for victory! Three souls for salvation. The officers' councils have been real blessed times. The officers all speak highly of the kind treatment they received while here from the many friends who entertained them.—M. H. S., Reg. Cor.

**CLINTON.**—We are having victory here. Capt. Keeler and Lieut. Copeman farewelled Sunday. They have been a great blessing here in Clinton. Adjt. Moore, who has been on furlough, farewelled also, best of all, TWO souls in the Fountain.—Ralph H. Bezzo, Sergt.-Major.



CAPTAIN GREEN  
Hustler of Yarmouth, N. S.

**VANCOUVER, B. C.**—Ensign Branigan is leading on. Good times all week. One by one souls are being saved. Sinners deeply convicted. Friday night welcome to Capt. Meredith, late of Revelstoke, B. C. We are in for victory. We are the people.—Yours in the fight, Bro. J. Harris.

**WINDSOR, Ont.**—The Lord indeed came near and helped us on Sunday. A saved liquor dealer, from Detroit, shouted. Some danced, some sang, some clapped their hands, and everybody got blessed, especially the brother who claimed victory over his sins.—Fred Burton, Captain.

**OAKVILLE.**—We have just had a visit from Bro. Ibbotson and family. Their music and singing was enjoyed by everyone. We could not seat the people on Sunday night, and had the largest income for some years. We pray that God may richly bless them wherever they go.—L. Pollard, for Lieut. Cornish.

**RICHMOND ST. (Old No. 1).**—Cadets Churchill and Edwards farewelled. Another day of victory. Five souls Sunday night, making fourteen for the two weeks. Collections, the best yet. Real live soldiers. Barracks repainted and papered. Opening next Sunday, the 20th, by Brigadiers Gaskin and Pugmire, and Mrs. Gaskin, Major and Mrs. Hargrave. Believing for something special.—Ensign Fletcher.

**JAMESTOWN, N. D.**—Officers away to Fargo for council all week. Sergt.-Major Lenton, assisted by Sec. Seekins, led the meetings. Had a good time. Capt. Mitchell and her Lieutenant here for holiness meeting on Friday night, enjoyed their visit very much. Good week-end meetings. FOUR souls for cleansing Sunday morning.—Triftoria.

**LARIMORE, N. D.**—Glory to God, the officers have returned from councils with Ensign Cummins. Beautiful meetings. On Friday Ensign gave a Graphophone Service, which was great.

service entitled, "The daughter of a King." It is grand, beyond description. God bless these efforts. On Sunday four soldiers from Grand Forks were with us. At night TWO poor, starved souls held up their hands for prayer. Let us pray and believe for their salvation.—C. DeHaven, Sergt.

**BLLENHEIM.**—Good crowd yesterday. We have raised our War Cry order to 100, and there is a general improvement all round, not forgetting the dear old Cry. A new foundation has been put under the barracks, and we expect to be better able to fight the powers of darkness. Capt. Hoddinott, the mighty man of sermons, will make it hot for the devil and all his train.—Ina Groom.

**SUDBURY.**—Two recruits enrolled this week. Local Officers lead meetings this week during absence of Adjutant and Lieutenant. The Oct. 29th issue of the War Cry just to hand. The frontispiece is pronounced by some here as "the best yet"—the Field Commissioner, with her password Courage, cannot fail to inspire the hearts of her soldiers throughout the Territory.—N. R. Trickey, J. S. S.-M.

**ESSEX.**—Sunday night we closed our meeting at half past eleven with ONE soul in the Fountain—being a young man who had for some time held malice in his heart against some one whom he considered had done him a great injury. Although had been out at different times before, yet never got victory, but on Sunday night he made a full surrender. After leaving the meeting went to the person concerned (although it being nearly 12 o'clock at night) and asked him for forgiveness. Hallelujah! God is able and will save to the uttermost, if we will only surrender our all.—Yours praying and believing for victory, J. Coe, Capt.



CADET J. ADAMS,  
War Cry Boomer, of Rat Portage.

**LETHBRIDGE.**—We have just welcomed Lieut. Burlog, from Moose Jaw. Had good meetings all day Sunday. TWO souls at night. The soldiers were so happy they had to dance. Seven out for a blessing in soldiers' meeting. Our crowds are splendid. Hall packed. Sunday night War Crys sold. Fire a volley for the N. W. baby corps.—Pansy.

**CARLETON, N. B.**—Praise is due to Sergt. Mrs. Olive for the way she has so nobly helped us since we came to Carleton. During two months she collected over \$37. A few weeks ago she was commissioned War Cry Sergt. The first week she sold 15, since she has been on the up grade—last week she sold 70. She is a hustler. It is quite hard at present here, still we believe for victory. Two souls since we came.—G. M. Allen, Capt., E. L. Selig, Lieut.

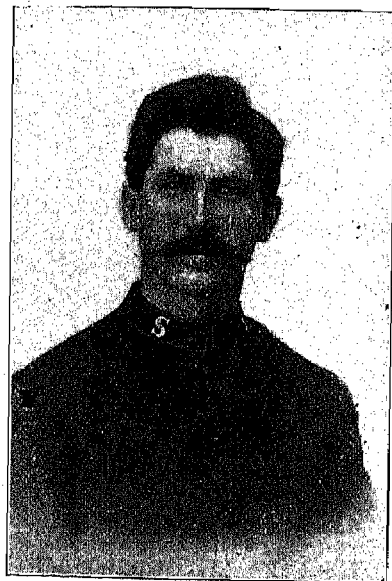
**VICTORIA.**—Our officers have been to Spokane for the councils, yet the meetings went with a swing. Saturday night the band led, Sunday, Adjt. Barr. Monday, Bro. Porter and Bro. Jackson, they did beautifully. Good

a good spiritual time. Wednesday, Sisters' meeting, led by Sister Crego and Sister Townsend, both are good leaders and singers, it could not help being a success. Thursday night, the Brothers' meeting—oh, how it did rain, yet they did their best. God bless them. Friday night, holiness meeting, led by Sister Mortimer. Saturday, welcome home to Adjt. and Mrs. Ayre, finishing up with a Pound Meeting.—M. L.

**LINDSAY.**—Our corps has just been visited by Ensign Andrews, the G. B. M. Agent, who gave us some very interesting, as well as instructive, lantern views; the subject was, "A daughter of Ishmael." On Sunday the officers said good-bye, after about four months' hard fighting.—A. Moore, S.-M.

**MONTREAL II.**—Ensign Ward and Lieut. Tracy have farewelled. Eight and a half months ago Capt. Ward took charge of this corps, and right through it has been a time of continual victory. Now we are out of debt and several new soldiers are on the platform. The holiness meetings have been the means in God's hand of uplifting and strengthening the corps. Sunday morning one soul was sanctified. In the afternoon a real free and easy time. One brother was enrolled under the good old Army Flag; but at night was the crowning time. THREE souls came to God and got saved. One got so free that he jumped on the platform and on the chair, then he picked up the drum and beat it around the platform. There was a regular old-time dance, and we finished up at eleven o'clock, with "Crown Him Lord of all."—G. W., R. C.

**WINGHAM.**—We had a banquet on Thursday. The tables were well set with good food, mostly given by kind friends. Those who were there were well satisfied. At night there was a good crowd, both in the open-air and in the barracks. The meeting had previously been announced to be a "Oh-be-joyful" time, and so it came to pass, too. Capt. McCutcheon, Lieut. Baird, and Bro. Plant, from Listowel, made it quite lively. Capt. McCutcheon was chairman. Our string band did splendidly, led on by Bandmaster Caulton, formerly of Winnipeg. The Bandmaster is a good musician, and is always willing to do anything for the glory of God. He sang an original song one of his own composition, composed especially for the occasion. The chorus went with a swing. Bro. Simmons, the Editor of the Journal, sang a good solo, accompanied by his guitar. Lieut. Hodgson sang, "You may yet see better days," soldiers and friends testified to the saving and keeping power of God. Our worthy chairman sang his favorite, "Is not this the land of Beulah?" Lieut. Baird read a few verses from the 46th Psalm.—Ensign W. Orchard.



LIEUT. C. BOLLETT



## GLEANNINGS FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK.

### Spokane Rescue Work.

From a very touching letter addressed to Mrs. Read, by Adj. Langtry, we extract the following:

"You will be pleased to hear that we are getting on well in the Home, which is more than full; yet I cannot turn away any person who is in need and sorrow—the most of the cases are so pitiable. One woman with three small children had to run away from a drunken husband; she came near being murdered. I took her in, and a few days afterwards found work for her; she earns now \$30 per month, and pays for the keep of her children in the Home. And so for many, I have been able to find work during the last few days. We have twenty-one in the Home, big and little."

### The Offence of the Cross.

"Wherein consists that offence? Not only in this, that it demands the renunciation of self-righteousness as merit, of the world as an idol, of worldly wisdom as my pride, of personal achievements as my glory. No, the cross is to the natural and carnal heart most of all an offence, because it teaches me that self must be crucified, that I must give without hoping to get, and lose my life to save my life, to love where I am hated, and to serve where I am met, even with serving with the scourge and the thorns, the wagging head and the scoffing tongue, the mocking and the spitting—in a word, the cross instead of the crown."—Pierson.

### A Lieutenant's Anecdote.

Enters a smiling, blond Lieutenant, with the flush of youth on his cheek.

"I have an anecdote to tell you!"

"Yes, go ahead."

"A certain young man who had undergone a surgical operation had his face bandaged, and that account felt rather shy to go in that condition to church. 'Oh, they won't mind my bandages in the Salvation Army,' he thought, and to the Salvation Army he went on that Sunday, and got so wonderfully blessed that Sabbath, that it kept him testifying ever since."

### True Possessions.

The following may doubtless be known to some of our readers, still it is well worth repeating and singularly appropriate for meditation for preparation for the coming Self-Denial Week: Over an old stone carving of the prostrate form of a well-known philosopher in Rome the following inscription is cut into the solid wall:

"What I spent I had,  
What I saved I lost,  
What I gave I have."

### Newfoundland Harvest Festival.

"Eventually we have proved that there is such a thing as victory through defeat. During the past two years we were not able to hit the Provincial Target, but there is an old saying that the third time beats all, and so we have proved it, for we have gone nearly \$200 over last year. The very thought of this ought to drive away every doubt, and convince all that when we make up our minds to do it, we can wrest success from the hands of failure."—Ocean Wave.

### Colonel Musa Bhai.

Many of our readers will have blessed and pleasant memories of the Colonel, then Major Musa Bhai, who visited many places in Canada some years ago in company with some of our Indian comrades. We are pleased to print here the Colonel's testimony, as it was given by him recently in an interview with a representative of our London War Cry.

"Thirsty as ever for God! I love Jesus with all my heart. My ideal is still the same—more sacrifice for Him who was sacrificed for me. I am every day more and more convinced that the only hope for the Oriental is the Holy Ghost. Education is good, wisdom is good; but both are worthless for this task without the Holy Ghost. Souls are getting saved in India, but only in proportion as they are brought into contact with the Holy Ghost. I am more desperately in earnest than ever to get souls saved.

"Mere profession is a sham. I am always pained by shams; but how very much more must the heart of the Lord Jesus be pained by those who only offer Him lip service!"

## SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, to

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.



## Autobiography of Madame Guyon.

### CHAPTER VII.



ABOUT nine months after my recovery from small-pox Father LaCombe brought me a letter from Father de la Motte, recommending him to my esteem. I was loath to make new acquaintances, but the fear of offending prevailed. God had already made use of me for the conversion of three of his children. The strong desire he had of seeing me again induced him to come to our country house.

A way opened for me to speak to him. As he was with my husband, who relished his company, he was taken ill, and retired to the garden. My husband bade me see what was the matter with him. He told me he had remarked in my countenance a deep presence of God, which had given him a strong desire of seeing me again. God assisted me to open to him the inward path of the soul, and conveyed so much grace to him through this poor channel, that he went away changed into quite another man.

At home, I was accused of everything that was spoiled or broken. At first I told the truth, and said it was not I. They persisted, and accused me of lying. I then made no reply. They told all their tales to such as came to the house. But when I was afterwards alone with the same persons, I never deceived them. My heart kept its habitation in the tacit consciousness of my own innocence, not concerning myself whether they thought well or ill of me; excluding all the world, all opinions of censures, and minding nothing but the friendship of God only.

GOD KNOWS HOW TO RENDER THE CROSSES CONFORMABLE TO THE ABILITY OF THE CREATURE TO BEAR THEM; giving them always something new and unexpected.

In acts of charity I was assiduous. So great was my tenderness for the poor, that I wished to supply all their wants. I could not see their necessity, without reproaching myself for the plenty I enjoyed. I deprived myself of all I could

shops. My heart was much opened towards my fellow-citizens in distress, and few would carry charity much farther than our Lord enabled me to do, both while married and since.

I obtained leave to go to Paris for the cure of my eye; yet much more through the desire to see Monsieur Bertot, a man of profound experience, Mother Granger had assigned to me for my director. I went to take leave of my father, who embraced me with peculiar tenderness, little thinking it would be the last adieu.

Paris was a place no longer to be dreaded. The throngs only served to draw me into a deep recollection, and the noise of the streets but augmented my inward prayer.

HOW MANY THINK THEIR OWN WILLS QUITE LOST, WHILE THEY ARE YET FAR FROM IT! They would find they will subsist, if they met with several trials. Who is there who does not wish something for himself, either of interest, wealth, honor, pleasure, convenience or liberty? And he who thinks his mind loose from all these subjects, because he possesses them, might soon perceive his attachment to them, were he stripped. If there are found in a whole age three persons so dead to everything, as to be utterly resigned to Providence without any exception, they may well pass for prodigals of grace.

One day I woke at four in the morning, with a strong impression that my father was dead; and though my soul was in great contentment, yet my love for him affected it with sorrow, and my body with weakness.

In the afternoon I was with the abbess, I told her I had strong presentiments of my father's death. Presently one came from my husband to inform me my father was ill. I said, "He is dead, I have no doubt about it." I sent to Paris immediately, to hire a coach, to go the sooner; mine waited for me at the midway.

I was obliged, about midnight, to cross a forest, notorious for murders and robberies. The most in rapid dreaded it; but my resignation left me scarce any room to think about it. Oh, what fears and uneasiness does a resigned soul spare itself!

I found on my arrival, that my

you are praying to our Jesus," and dropping on her knees, would begin to pray too. She was innocent, modest, dutiful, endearing and beautiful. Her father doted on her, and to me she was dear more for the qualities of her mind than her beautiful person. She was my consolation; for she had much affection for me, as her brother had aversion. She died of an unseasonable bleeding.

There remained to me only the son of my sorrow. He fell ill to the point of death, but was restored at the prayer of Mother Granger, now my only consolation after God. I no more wept for my child than for my father. Both died in July, 1672. From henceforth crosses were not spared me, yet they were only the shadows of those I have since passed through, pursuant to a marriage contract which I had lately entered into with Christ. In this spiritual marriage I claimed for my dowry only crosses, scourges, persecutions, ignominies, lowliness, and nothingness of self, which in His great goodness, and for wise ends, He has been pleased to grant me.

(To be continued.)

"OUR WORK FOR THE POOR PRESENTS, IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, AN OBJECT LESSON OF THE TEACHING OF CHRIST IN THE FIRST. IT IS, AS WAS SAID BY ONE OF THE ABLEST OF CRITICS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED IT, 'A WINDOW ON TO EARTH THROUGH WHICH THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD IS SHINING.' HELP US."—The Chief-of-the-Staff.

## POWER.

"Even me, Lord, even me, Lord,  
Let Thy Power descend on me."

That song was running through my mind and soul, until I felt the fountain of God's blessing was open upon me. Thoughts of this kind came to me: It does not matter what kind of people we are, what talents we possess, or what capabilities we have; we may all prove the reality of that dear old chorus, "Even me, Lord, even me, Lord, let Thy power descend on me." Others may rush by us in the way of achievement, and we may feel in consequence of this, that everything we seem to do we fall in (or the devil may make us believe that), but to be filled with the Spirit of God is worth more than all the talents we could possess. All the ability to speak well, make a meeting go, to be able to sing beautifully, or play an instrument, are good; but there are none of these things which can take the place of a Spirit-filled life. Oh, for more of it. Thank God the fires of persecution, or the harassing of perplexing difficulties, or the thousand and one ways the devil may have of besetting your track, cannot prevent this untold blessing of God to go coursing through your veins. Then, who can estimate the value of it? or how dare we as followers of God be without it? It equips us for our work in dealing with men and women for eternity, and keeps the fountain of our souls from drying up. Oh, how much effort people put forth in all they do (which is right and beautiful), and, O, the meetings we go through; but do you, my comrades, lay yourself out before God, and let Him saturate your very being through and through? Or, have you never as yet had the power from on high fall upon you? If you have not, do not rest until God has come upon you like a "mighty rushing wind," and you can sing, "Even me, Lord, even me, Lord, now Thy power descends on me." I tell you, one meeting you lead with the unction of the Holy One resting upon you will accomplish more for God and souls than hundreds without. I don't say you will see everybody in the meeting coming to the penitent form, but your work will "last." God says, "In the last days I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh." He waits to pour it out upon you now. F. R. B.

The venerable Father Lewall once entered a missionary meeting just as the collectors were taking their seats. The chairman of the meeting requested him to pray. The old gentleman stood hesitating. The request was repeated louder. Still no response; but the aged man felt in his pocket, took out some money, and put it in the contribution box.

The Chairman, thinking he had not understood, said loudly, "I didn't ask you to give, Father Lewall, I only asked you to pray."

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "I heard."



## APPOINTMENTS

OF

## THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby ..... Friday, November 4th.

Buffalo, N.Y. .... Sunday and Monday, November 20th and 21st.

Halifax, N.S. .... Tuesday, November 29th.

Truro, N.S. .... Thursday, December 1st.

Montreal ..... Sunday, December 4th.

For Particulars see Announcements in Local Papers.



to help them. Being refused by others, they all came to me. "Oh, my Divine love," I cried, "it is Thy substance; I am only Thy steward. I ought to distribute it according to Thy will." I found means to relieve them without letting myself be known, because I had one who dispensed my alms privately.

I caused young girls to be taught how to earn their livelihood, especially such as were handsome; that, being employed and having reason to live, they might not be tempted to throw themselves away. GOD USED ME TO RECLAIM SEVERAL FROM THEIR DISORDERLY LIVES. I went to visit the sick, to comfort them, to make their beds. I made ointment, dressed their wounds, nursed their

father was already buried, on account of the excessive heat. As I was weak, not having taken any nourishment, I was put to bed.

About two in the morning my husband got up, and having gone out or my chamber, returned presently, crying out, "My daughter is dead!" She was my only daughter, dearly beloved, truly lovely. She had so many graces both of body and mind, one must have been insensible not to have loved her. She had an extraordinary love to God. Often she was found in corners at prayer. As soon as she perceived me at prayer, she came and joined; and if she discovered I had been without her, she would weep and cry, "Ah, mamma, you pray, but I don't." When we were alone and she saw my



# Harry Hustler's Happy Hunting Ground.

Positions Little Altered this Week—The Eastern Star Overtakes Bennett—  
The Rear Strengthening.

The gathering of officers at Toronto for councils has, to some extent, interfered with the regular reporting of the hustlers in the three Ontario Provinces, therefore it is easily understood why these Provinces show a considerable decrease in the number of hustlers reported.

Pugmire has overtaken Bennett, who now is fourth in the list. Still, this week is hardly a fair one to make comparison. So we shall wink at the omission of some hustlers' returns and modify our remarks.

We cannot, however, pass by the evident increase of hustlers in the Pacific, the North-West and the Newfoundland Provinces. The increase is not striking, but is steady, and we have every hope that we shall be in a position to double the space for the list of hustlers reported from these parts.

## CHAMPION HUSTLERS' ROLL.

|                                        |     |
|----------------------------------------|-----|
| Capt. C. Allen, Westville, N. S.       | 243 |
| Capt. Horwood, Charlottetown, P. E. I. | 240 |
| Capt. Hellman, London, Ont.            | 230 |
| Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock, Ont.          | 225 |
| Capt. L. Wilson, St. Albans, Vt.       | 210 |
| Cadet Taylor, St. John I., N. B.       | 157 |
| Sister Pearce, Temple                  | 156 |
| Sister Lewis, Victoria, B. C.          | 154 |
| Lieut. McFarlane, Prescott, Ont.       | 150 |
| Lieut. Hockin, Brantford, Ont.         | 135 |
| Ensign Collett, Brantford, Ont.        | 135 |
| Mrs. Ensign Walker, Belleville         | 125 |
| Lieut. Butcher, Cornwall, Ont.         | 116 |
| Cand. D. Lond, Pictou, N. S.           | 113 |
| Capt. Green, Brockville, Ont.          | 112 |
| Sergt.-Major Veno, Halifax II, N.S.    | 110 |
| Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Kingston, Ont.     | 108 |
| Sergt. Dudley, Ottawa                  | 106 |
| Capt. Bowering, Glace Bay, C. B.       | 105 |
| Mrs. Sergt. Rock, Chatham, Ont.        | 105 |
| Lieut. Sleeth, Morrisburg, Ont.        | 105 |
| Capt. Connors, Morrisburg, Ont.        | 104 |
| Lieut. Tracey, Montreal II.            | 103 |
| Sergt. Perkins, Barre, Vt.             | 103 |
| Sister M. Graham, Halifax, N. S.       | 100 |

## WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

55 Hustlers.

|                                |     |
|--------------------------------|-----|
| CAPT. HELLMAN, London          | 230 |
| MRS. HUFFMAN, Woodstock        | 225 |
| Lieut. Hockin, Brantford       | 135 |
| Ensign Collett, Brantford      | 135 |
| Mrs. Sergt. M. Rock, Chatham   | 105 |
| Lieut. Pickle, Wallaceburg     | 90  |
| Lieut. Fyfe, Petrolia          | 85  |
| Sergt. Gertie Yeomans, Chatham | 80  |
| Capt. Cockerill, Forest        | 75  |
| Lieut. Copeman, Clinton        | 75  |
| Jessie Couch, Stratford        | 74  |
| Sergt. Grace Craft, Chatham    | 63  |
| Lieut. Jordison, Amherstburg   | 68  |
| Mrs. Boxall, Windsor           | 65  |
| Sister L. Foubler, Windsor     | 65  |
| Ensign Gamble, Petrolia        | 65  |
| Sister D. Bond, Wingham        | 57  |
| Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas        | 55  |
| Cand. A. B. Carley, Ridgetown  | 55  |
| Capt. Slote, Ingersoll         | 54  |
| Lieut. Beach, Seaforth         | 52  |
| Adj. Coombs, London            | 50  |
| Sister M. Shuster, Berlin      | 45  |
| Capt. Stevens, Stratford       | 43  |
| Lieut. Cann, Dresden           | 43  |
| Sergt. Palmer, London          | 40  |
| Cand. L. Ringler, Ridgetown    | 40  |
| Sister A. Hampton, St. Thomas  | 38  |
| Sergt. R. Palmer, Blenheim     | 37  |
| Auntie Wright, Ingersoll       | 37  |
| Sergt. Love, Seaforth          | 36  |
| Sergt. M. Welson, Tilbury      | 35  |
| Capt. F. Burton, Windsor       | 33  |
| Capt. Coe, Essex               | 31  |
| Capt. McLeod, Ridgetown        | 30  |
| Sergt. Mrs. Harris, London     | 30  |
| Capt. G. Pynn, Chatham         | 30  |
| Sister Rumble, Blenheim        | 30  |
| Ensign Bale, Seaforth          | 29  |
| Sister H. Erb, Berlin          | 26  |
| Sergt. Mrs. Butler, London     | 26  |
| Mrs. Cutting, Essex            | 25  |
| Mrs. McQuinn, Blenheim         | 25  |
| Adj. Archibald, Stratford      | 25  |
| Capt. Dowell, Tilbury          | 25  |
| Lieut. Hodgson, Wingham        | 24  |
| Sergt. Knapp, Ingersoll        | 24  |
| Bro. Benn, Wallaceburg         | 23  |
| Mrs. McHoy, St. Thomas         | 22  |
| Ensign McKenzie, Berlin        | 22  |
| Capt. Heley, Essex             | 21  |
| Bro. Pinnell, London           | 20  |
| Lottie Cannon, Ingersoll       | 20  |
| Sergt. Lenins, Ingersoll       | 20  |
| Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Berlin   | 20  |

## CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

52 Hustlers.

|                                    |    |
|------------------------------------|----|
| Sister Medlock, Temple             | 70 |
| Lieut. Wadge, Riverside            | 64 |
| Lieut. Matthews, Sunbury           | 60 |
| Lieut. Copper, Barrie              | 53 |
| Capt. M. Palling, Aurora           | 55 |
| Sergt.-Major Beall, St. Catharines | 51 |
| Bro. Dixon, Temple                 | 50 |
| Sister Currell, Temple             | 50 |
| Mr. Case, Hamilton I.              | 50 |
| Capt. Brant, Dovercourt            | 53 |
| Capt. Creamer, Midland             | 50 |
| Sergt.-Major Bone, Barrie          | 50 |
| Capt. Wilson, Gravenhurst          | 49 |
| Ensign Cameron, Riverside          | 45 |
| Sergt.-Major Bowerman, Newmarket   | 45 |
| Cadet Levitt, Richmond St.         | 45 |
| Capt. W. White, Feversham          | 45 |
| Lieut. Jackson, Oshawa             | 45 |
| Capt. Stolliker, Riverside         | 40 |
| Sister Currell, Riverside          | 38 |
| Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton I.         | 32 |
| Cadet Churchill, Richmond St.      | 31 |
| Capt. A. Nelson, Omeme             | 28 |
| Lieut. Marchall, Omeme             | 27 |
| Sister M. Jones, Hamilton I.       | 27 |
| Cadet Cooper, Lippincott           | 26 |
| Cadet Bone, Lippincott             | 26 |
| Cadet Cook, Lippincott             | 25 |
| Sergt.-Major Brady, Temple         | 25 |
| Lieut. Cornish, Oakville           | 25 |
| Lieut. Fisher, Uxbridge            | 25 |
| Sister L. Pollard, Oakville        | 25 |
| Capt. Culbert, Uxbridge            | 25 |
| Sergt. Grey, Midland               | 25 |
| Bro. Thompson, Sudbury             | 25 |
| Sergt.-Major Mrs. Dyker, Orillia   | 25 |
| Lieut. McLennan, Orillia           | 25 |
| Capt. McDougall, Orillia           | 24 |
| Mrs. Potter, Hamilton I.           | 24 |

**WE ALWAYS TRY  
TO PLEASE.**

**Winter is Coming on and we are Ready**

**SPLENDID VALUES IN  
OVERCOATING**

**Entirely New Lines.**

**Guaranteed Fast Color.**

|                  | Without Cape. | With Cape. |
|------------------|---------------|------------|
| Worsted, No. 563 | \$20 00       | \$26 00    |
| " " 1891         | 19 00         | 25 00      |
| " " 4777         | 18 00         | 23 50      |
| " " 4621         | 17 00         | 22 00      |
| " " 494          | 16 00         | 21 00      |
| Frieze           | 14 00         | 19 00      |

**WE ARE ALSO CARRYING A GOOD RELIABLE LINE OF  
MEN'S AND LADIES' UNDERWEAR & HOSE  
For Winter Use.**

**ENTIRELY NEW GOODS**

**FOR MEN**

|                                            |        |
|--------------------------------------------|--------|
| Shirt and Drawers, Natural Wool, per piece | \$0 50 |
| " " Mottled, fleece lined, per piece       | 0 70   |
| " " Alaska, " "                            | 1 00   |
| Half hose, per pair, at 20c. and           | 0 30   |

**FOR LADIES.**

|                                          |        |
|------------------------------------------|--------|
| Fleece lined Vests and Drawers, per pair | \$1 00 |
| " Startler " Vests, each, 25c. and       | 0 50   |
| Hygienic Drawers, per pair, 32c. and     | 0 40   |
| Cashmere Hose, per pair, 30c. 40c. and   | 0 50   |

Ask your Provincial Officer to show you these goods and we are convinced you will give us your order. Respectfully,

|                                |    |
|--------------------------------|----|
| Sister S. Pitcher, Sydney      | 36 |
| Sergt. Allen, St. John III.    | 35 |
| Bro. Read, St. John I.         | 35 |
| Capt. Piercy, Houlton, Me.     | 35 |
| Sergt.-Major Harding, Yarmouth | 33 |
| Sergt. Rodgers, Windsor        | 30 |
| Lieut. A. McIvor, St. Stephen  | 30 |
| Sister Worthy, Woodstock       | 30 |
| Capt. Movers, Bear River       | 30 |
| Lieut. Payne, Bear River       | 30 |
| Lieut. Held, Kentville         | 29 |
| Mrs. Pitts, Parrsboro          | 28 |
| Cadet Semberton, St. John I.   | 27 |
| Sergt. Hayman, Halifax II.     | 25 |
| Mrs. Maybee, Charlottetown     | 25 |
| Sergt. Faulkner, Windsor       | 20 |
| Sister Holden, Windsor         | 20 |
| Sister E. White, Houlton, Me.  | 20 |
| Sister Campbell, Kentville     | 20 |
| Sister Archeson, St.           | 20 |

|                                |    |
|--------------------------------|----|
| Capt. Nyland, Ouessa           | 39 |
| Sergt. Mrs. Barber, Kingston   | 37 |
| Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.      | 30 |
| Bro. Hugh, McDonald, Sunbury   | 30 |
| Capt. Batten, Bloomfield       | 30 |
| Sergt.-Major Douglas, Cornwall | 28 |
| Capt. Liddell, Montreal I.     | 26 |
| Mrs. Dean, Prescott            | 26 |
| Sister Waugh, Ottawa           | 25 |
| Cand. Hoole, Montreal II.      | 20 |
| Sister Suddard, Kingston       | 20 |
| Bro. J. Almark, Sunbury        | 20 |
| Sister McDonald, Sunbury       | 20 |
| Bro. Arch McDonald, Sunbury    | 20 |
| Bro. J. Kelly, Sunbury         | 20 |
| Sergt. Root, Belleville        | 20 |

## NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

23 Hustlers.

|                                   |    |
|-----------------------------------|----|
| Cadet Russell, Winnipeg           | 78 |
| Sister McNabb, Portage la Prairie | 75 |
| Cadet Hagen, Winnipeg             | 56 |
| Cadet Bland, Rat Portage          | 55 |
| Lieut. Clark, Minot               | 52 |
| Lieut. Lizzie Buason, Lethbridge  | 50 |
| Cadet Wilcox, Winnipeg            | 49 |
| Cadet Cwiltis, Winnipeg           | 49 |
| Lieut. Flaws, Valley City         | 43 |
| Capt. Graham, Minot               | 40 |
| Ensign E. Hayes, Fargo            | 40 |
| Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg       | 40 |
| Sarah Craswell, Valley City       | 35 |
| Cadet Kriyer, Rat Portage         | 33 |
| Cand. M. Underwood, Rat Portage   | 32 |
| Mrs. Adj. Gale, Rat Portage       | 32 |
| Cadet Wick, Winnipeg              | 31 |
| Sergt. S. Chapman, Winnipeg       | 26 |
| Capt. Charlton, Fargo             | 25 |
| Capt. Hapkirk, Portage la Prairie | 25 |
| Cadet Adams, Rat Portage          | 23 |
| Cand. Hoepner, Valley City        | 23 |
| Bro. Sliter, Valley City          | 20 |

## PACIFIC PROVINCE.

15 Hustlers.

|                              |     |
|------------------------------|-----|
| Sister Lewis, Victoria       | 154 |
| Lieut. G. Morris, Rossland   | 92  |
| Capt. Knell, Nelson          | 86  |
| Capt. Thorkildson, Nanaimo   | 80  |
| Mrs. Capt. Hooker, Wallace   | 67  |
| Mrs. Capt. Lacey, Kallispell | 66  |
| Capt. Lester, Rossland       | 65  |
| Ensign Stanbury, Anaconda    | 50  |
| Lieut. Langill, Missoula     | 48  |



Tunes.—Eaton (B.J. 167); Euphony (B. J. 133); Sovereignty (B.J. 220) Stella (B.J. 25).

1 Give me the faith that can remove  
the heat of day.

And scree... e heat of  
day.

Ah! show me that happiest place;  
The place of Thy people's abode;  
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,  
And hang on a crucified God.  
Thy love for a sinner declare,  
Thy passion and death on the tree;  
My spirit to Calvary bear,  
To suffer and triumph with Thee.

'Tis there with the lambs of Thy flock,  
There only I covet to rest;  
To lie at the foot of the Rock,  
Or rise to be hid in Thy breast.  
'Tis there I would always abide,  
And never a moment depart;  
Concealed in the cleft of Thy side,  
Eternally held in Thy heart.

Since Jesus Came to Stay.

3 Come, listen unto me,  
And a story I will tell;  
How Jesus Christ the Son of God  
Came in my heart to dwell.  
For by His mighty power,  
He's taken my sins away;  
And I have a life that's filled with joy,  
Since Jesus came to stay.

Chorus.

Oh, oh, what a happy day,  
When Jesus came to stay;  
For though my sins were crimson red,  
He's taken them right away.

Before my Saviour came  
I was always getting down;  
The least thing put my temper out,  
And a trifle made me frown.  
But the devil has cleared right out,  
And taken his traps away,  
And I have a joy without alloy,  
Since Jesus came to stay.

Since Jesus came to stay  
The devil has lost his grip;  
I'll sail no more on his sinking barque,  
I'm sailing in the Gospel Ship.  
She's rigged in splendid style,  
In the true salvation way,  
And folks on board are singing all  
the time,  
Since Jesus came to stay.

Chorus.

Come to Jesus sinner, take Him as  
your Saviour.  
He will fail you never; oh, let the  
Saviour in.

For the Saviour now is waiting,  
Waiting now to save your soul;  
He will pardon and forgive you,  
Wash you, cleanse and make you  
whole.

He will cleanse you, He will keep you,  
If you only trust in Him,  
Come just now and He will save you,  
Come and let the Saviour in.  
Mrs. R. C. Goodchild.

They are Coming Home to Jesus.

6 They are coming to the Saviour,  
they are turning from the  
wrong,  
They are bringing hearts and souls  
by sin enslaved;  
Oh, ye angels hovering o'er us, bear  
the news along in song,  
They are coming home to Jesus to  
be saved.

They are coming home to Jesus to be  
saved,  
They are coming home to Jesus to be  
saved,  
They are coming home,  
They are coming home,  
They are coming home to be saved.

## NEXT WEEK!

### SPECIAL

# SELF-DENIAL NUMBER

OF

## THE WAR CRY.

### YOU MUST GET A COPY!

Its Chief Feature will be . . .

## "CHARITY,"

. . . An Article from the Masterly  
Pen of **THE FIELD COMMISSIONER**, illustrated by  
a large reproduction of a Famous Painting.

For the Lord Jesus Christ is the pilot  
on board,  
And He knows the river quite well;  
And there never was a snag or a sand-  
bar there,  
Of which the blessed Lord couldn't  
tell.  
When He's up there at the wheel, you  
can always safely feel  
There will never be the devil to pay;  
Get your baggage on the deck;  
Don't forget to get your check,  
For you can't steal aboard and hide  
away.

Solo.

Tunes.—Silver threads (B.J. 19); In  
the gloaming; Let me love Thee,  
Saviour (B.J. 154).

5 Christ has died on Calvary,  
Died to save you from your sin,  
Died that you might be forgiven,  
Died that you might heaven win.  
For He loved your soul so precious,  
That He came and died for you,  
Oh, come to Him, love and serve Him,

They have heard the Spirit calling,  
calling, calling yet again,  
Now they seek to part from sins that  
have enslaved,  
Oh, Thou precious loving Saviour, help  
them in the way to night!  
They are coming home to Jesus to  
be saved.

Does that man who is a sinner going  
with the sinful throng,  
Does he see the danger signal o'er  
him waved?  
Will he join the friends and loved ones  
who have prayed and waited long  
For his coming home to Jesus to  
be saved?

Salvation.

Tune.—Sovereignty (B. B. 21; S. M.,  
I., 493).

7 Would Jesus have the sinner die?  
Why hangs He then on yonder  
tree?  
What means that strange, expiring

Sinners, He prays for you and me—  
"Forgive them, Father, oh, forgive!"  
They know not that by Me they live!"

Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,  
Thee, by Thy painful agony,  
Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and  
shame,  
Thy cross and passion on the tree,  
Thy priceless death and life,—I pray,  
Take all, take all my sins away.

Oh, let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,  
And bathe and wash them with my  
tears,  
The story of Thy love repeat  
In every drooping sinner's ears,  
That all may hear the quickening  
sound,  
Since I, even I, have mercy found.



The Territorial Secretary,  
**Lieut.-Colonel Margetts**

Will visit the following places in the

**NORTH-WEST PROVINCE:**

WINNIPEG, Saturday to Wednesday,  
Nov. 5 to 9.  
PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, Thurs., Nov.  
10.  
CARBERRY, Friday, November 11  
BRANDON, Sat. and Sun., Nov. 12, 13.  
REGINA, Monday, November 14.  
CALGARY, Wednesday, November 16.  
VANCOUVER, Sat., Sun. and Mon.,  
Nov. 19, 20, 21.  
NEW WESTMINSTER, Tues., Nov.  
22.  
VICTORIA, Wed. and Thur., Nov. 23,  
24.  
SPOKANE, Sun., Mon. and Tues., Nov.  
27, 28, 29.  
NELSON, Wed., Nov. 30.  
MISSOULA, Fri., Dec. 2.  
BUTTE, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Dec. 3,  
4, 5.  
HELENA, Tues. and Wed., Dec. 6, 7.  
LIVINGSTON, Thurs., Dec. 8.  
BILLINGS, Fri., Dec. 9.  
JAMESTOWN, Sun. and Mon., Dec.  
11, 12.  
GRAND FORKS, Tues., Dec. 13.  
FARGO, Wed., Dec. 14.

**MRS. BRIGADIER READ,**

Women's Social Secretary,  
will visit

Hamilton, Nov. 10. (Farewell and in-  
stallation of Rescue Home Macons.)  
Picton, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Nov. 12,  
13, 14.  
Ottawa, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Dec. 10,  
11, 12.  
St. Albans, Wed., Dec. 14.  
Burlington, Thurs., Dec. 15.  
Barre, Fri., Dec. 16.  
Montreal, Sat., Sun., Mon. and Tues.,  
Dec. 17, 18, 19, 20. (Opening of new  
Women's Shelter.)

**EASTERN PROVINCE.**

**Brigadier Pugmire's Proposed Tour**

Yarmouth, Saturday and Sunday, Nov.  
12th and 13th.  
Windsor, Monday, Nov. 14th. (Officers'  
and Soldiers' Councils.)  
Halifax I., Tuesday, Nov. 15th. (Officers'  
and Soldiers' Councils.)  
Springhill, Wednesday, Nov. 16th. (Offi-  
cers' and Soldiers' Councils.)  
Moncton, Thursday, Nov. 17th. (Officers'  
and Soldiers' Councils.)  
Newcastle, Friday, Nov. 18th. (Officers'  
and Soldiers' Councils.)

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